





VERSES
ON MANY OCCASIONS,

WITH OTHERS FOR

WHICH IT MAY BE THOUGHT THERE WAS NO OCCASION.

Collected and Printed for his Grand-children.

BY REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D.

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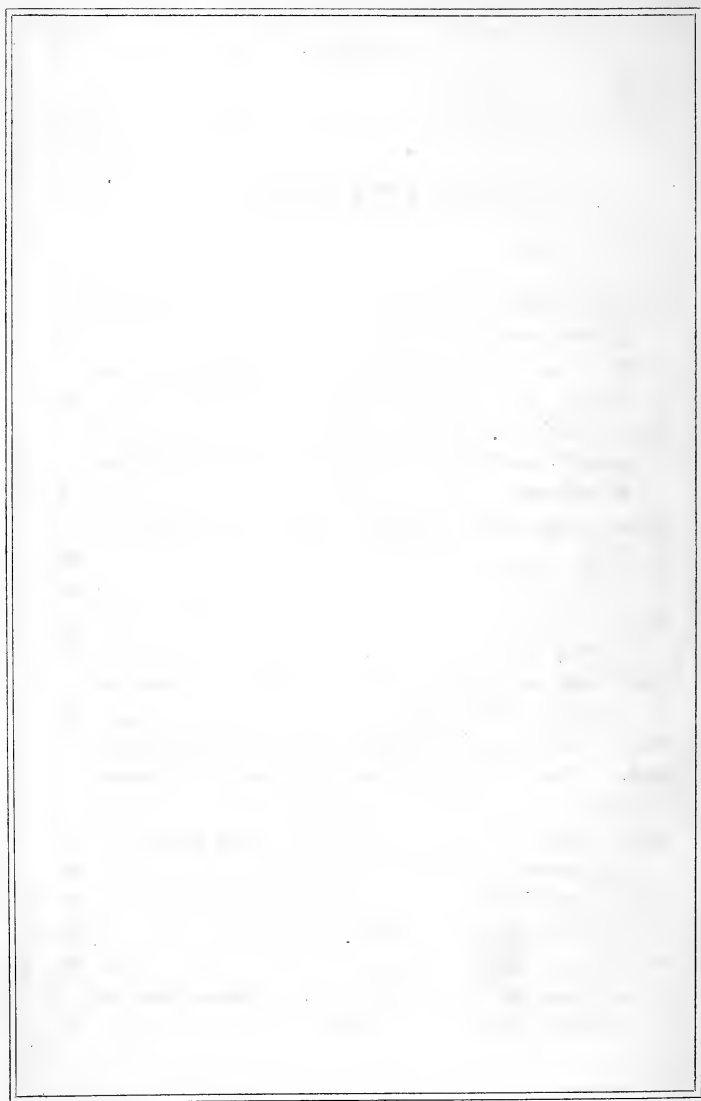
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NOTICE.

THESE verses — not aspiring to the dignity or name of poetry — have been collected and printed and are bequeathed, as a gift of affection, to the grand-children and the few friends who, from curiosity or a kinder motive, may wish to possess even so frail a memorial and imperfect specimen of the mental character of the writer.

SALEM, FEBRUARY, 1851.



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CHANGE.

THE following slight performance, prepared at the request and delivered at the anniversary of a literary association attached to our Alma Mater, is respectfully inscribed to the "Class Club" of graduates of 1802, by their obliged friend and affectionate classmate,

SALEM, 1848.

THE AUTHOR.

CHANGE.

A POEM, DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF HAR-
VARD UNIVERSITY, AUGUST 29, 1839.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis."

SINCE we, who meet coevals here, were boys,
Our tops and kites dismissed for manlier toys —
The dread ordeal passed, and "admittatur"
Announced us nurslings of our "Alma Mater ;"
Since that proud moment which o'erpaid the toil
Of school-boy tasks, pursued by midnight oil —
When here — our fathers' hope, our mothers' pride,
All for the goal of fame, afar descried —
Together starting on our four years' race,
With limbs elastic and with blooming face,
We ran with various speed the classic round,
And at its close were all with laurel crowned ; —
Though some with parts betrayed our want of parts,
We all came forth brave bachelors of arts ; —
Since that eventful, joyous, mournful day,

When, taking each his solitary way,
As erst our banished parents weeping took
Of their loved Eden many a farewell look,
We parting entered on a world untried,
With hope to cheer and Providence to guide ;—
Since that still well-remembered day went down,
The last we wore the academic gown —
How strange the changes time has brought to pass !
How what seemed gold its touch has turned to brass !
How fair a world, that looked all bright before,
Our backward gaze has lost, to find no more !
Vanished the beauteous bow of painted air,
As hope went down and left the rain cloud there ;
And fled the visions that so sweetly smiled,
And lured us onward, by those smiles beguiled ;
And gone the enchantment novelty bestowed,
And dead the flowers that fringed the paths we trode ;
Th' aroma lost, of bud and blossom born,
And mute the songs that waked the vernal morn,
And quenched the light whose beams illusive shone,
And poured o'er life a radiance not its own.
From you, dear charmers of our cheated youth,
How sad to turn and con the lore severe of truth !

So deems the fond, enthusiast bard, what time
The visions fade, that duped his dreamy prime,

And stern experience, with his wizard wand,
The dreamer disenchants, — and fairy land
With all its phantom train, of fancy bred,
Departs, and leaves this “work-day world” instead.

This “work-day world,” forever whirling round,
Which ne’er to-day as yesterday is found,
Though bearing still its well-known shape and name,
Is every day another and the same.*

Five thousand years, now verging near to six,
Though playing still its geologic tricks, —
Now frightening nations with its shaking fits, —
Now from its depths its fiery showers emits, —
And once its face all under water thrust, —
Yet no fierce flames have fused its upper crust ;
But still its rock-ribbed frame remains unbroken,
As when frail man was into being spoken,
And beast and bird, and every living thing,
Welcomed with him the fresh primeval spring —
As when the sons of God glad anthems sung,
And all the elder spheres with rapture rung,
Exulting to behold the younger birth
Of those blue heavens and this green-mantled earth.

*“Alter et idem.”

Yet change unceasing has been going on,
As time has sped and years have come and gone ;
Change underneath and all its surface o'er,
And with its dwellers change forevermore
Of passions, feelings, wishes, projects, schemes,
Of air-built castles, phantasies and dreams,
With change of customs, forms and discipline,
Shaping the outward world to that within, —
New-moulding laws, philosophies and creeds,
By change to meet the growing spirit's needs ;
With endless changes, too, of modes of living,
Of pleasure seeking and of pleasure giving, —
Of ways of getting, spending, thrift and waste, —
Of tricks in trade and freaks in ton and taste,
Of wooing, wedding, — showing love and hate,
Of doing little things as well as great,
Of pulling down or building up a state.
Men with their clime, 'tis said, their color change,*
For in this changing world no change is strange.

*There was much said and written, about this time, touching the cause of color in the different races, and about amalgamation. Amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon with the African race, to any considerable extent, I am constrained to regard as improbable and undesirable. However it might tend to raise the latter, it must tend equally to depress and deteriorate the former. My abhorrence of slavery is as strong as that of "Friend Garrison," or any of his co-workers in the cause of abolition. But I can see neither the wisdom, the justice, the humanity or the expediency, of many of the measures proposed by the abolitionists, for effecting the emancipation of the slaves in the southern states of the union.

Friend Garrison, by going south, may yet
Be changed to black and blue, if not to jet ;
Fair zealots wed their favorite hue of night,
And Captain Cuff's great-grandsons may be white.
The press may bleach brave Colonel Johnson's spouse ;
Whigs with the kitchen cabinet carouse,
Defaulters turn repentant and repay,
And pet sub-treasurers cease to run away.
Changes more strange than these the world hath seen,
And that may be again which once has been.

* * * * *

Change has been working out the Maker's plan
Through all the past, since time its march began.
What makes the music of the chiming spheres,
Heaven's clocks, that strike the passing months and years?
What gives their charm to ocean, earth and sky,
That fill with new delight the unsated eye?
What bids us hope amid the ills we bear,
And bide the impending storm till skies grow fair?
What saves from stagnant pause and stolid gloom,
Man's clay-bound spirit, and invests the tomb
With light from brighter worlds, where peace and bliss
O'erpay the dead for all they leave in this?
'T is change, co-worker with the Eternal Cause,
That changeth all things by unchanging laws.

Revolving planets thrud their mazy dance
In endless change through heaven's sublime expanse.
Darkness and light receive alternate birth,
As on its axis whirls the pendent earth.
As night to day and day to night succeeds,
Each in its turn a train of blessings leads,
This lifts from off earth's dwellers, as he goes,
While that lets fall the curtain of repose ;
Sharing with grateful change the circling hours,
By turns they task and soothe man's active powers,
With sweet vicissitudes of toil and sleep,
As they their equal pace and periods keep.
'Tis theirs, for morn and noon and dewy eve
Their tissued robe of many dyes to weave,
To blend its varying tints of light and shade,
And bid them when to shine and when to fade.

Still lovelier changes mark the rolling year,
As circling round the sun her fleet career
The earth pursues, and in her retinue
Leads on the seasons, each in order due ;
Young spring's soft green, her flowers and wood notes sweet,
Flush summer's swelling fruits and genial heat,
Ripe autumn's opulence and joyous cheer,
And winter crowned with chaplet hoar and sere.
A beauteous train, beneficent as fair,

Chanting aloud to man his Maker's care,
Who planned the beautiful vicissitude,
And works all changes for his creatures' good.

Say, where may not the hand of change be traced,
Now lifting continents from ocean's waste, —
Now merging e'en a world beneath its waves, —
Its dwellers in their deep, wide, weltering graves
All whelmed — save whom the patriarch's life-boat saves.

Islands to continents have slowly grown,
Vast tracts, once tilled by man, now overflown,
Are plowed by keels, that waft from many a shore
The wealth of lands that seas have swept before.
Empires have mouldered, — nations passed away,
Whose names have perished ; and the iron sway
Of Moslem pride in gloom has brooded long
O'er lands once free and great in arts and song.
And these have risen again to know decay,
By change renewed to be again of change the prey.

In later times how darkly sad the tale
Of wrecks that rue of change the fickle gale ; —
Of kings uncrowned, — of many a ravaged state, —
Of millions slain to make one tyrant great, —

Of him whose pastime was the bloody strife,
And "victory's earthquake voice his breath of life," —
Who fell from fortune's dizziest summit hurled,
The scourge, the wonder — by-word of the world !

But why of scathful change the tale prolong, —
Of realms despoiled, — of right outraged by wrong, —
Of weak men scorned and plundered by the strong ?
Leave we these themes for stern, indignant song,
For changes that have wrought the nations' cheer, * —
Plucked from the warrior's grasp the murderer's spear ;
Shook to its base oppression's steel-girt throne, —
Taught truths to monarchs they are slow to own, —
Made pampered drones disgorge their hoarded spoil,
Wrung from the toil-worn delvers of the soil, —
Lifted the prostrate many from the dust,
And thrown their feudal fetters by to rust, —
Won for the slave the rights to nature dear,
And left to love what once was forced from fear ; —
Banished the scourge and rack from British Isles,
Bade bondage cease, and lighted freedom's smiles !
The sun shines bright in Demarara now,

* Allusion is here made to the melioration of the condition of the people, their emancipation from the oppressions and tyrannies of the ancient dynasties in France and other portions of Europe. The changes alluded to in 1839 are more amply verified in 1849.

And Cassius' scowl has fled his altered brow.
The wrongs his race bore there in hopeless wo,
Shall pain no more the generous Martineau.*

Hark, too, from many a realm the altered tone,
Assumed by sceptered worms that fill a throne.
See liegemen's awe of jeweled diadem
Merged in the anxious wearer's awe of them.
See kings and nobles yield to late reform,
Warned by the omens of the gathering storm,
That threatens throne and altar, hall and tower,
With vengeance due for long abuse of power.
A spirit-call the waking world hath stirred,
Its thrilling voice in many tongues is heard, —
Its burden spreads o'er earth from sea to sea,
“Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.”
Pale despots prescient read their coming doom,
As serf and slave their ravished rights resume.

No more in search of distant change I roam ;
Lo, past and passing changes, nearer home,
In thickening groups the crowded vision throng,
Fruitful of themes for grave or mirthful song.

* See her beautiful and touching tale of Demarara.

E'en in ourselves, since life and hope were new,
Full many a change we mark, and marking, rue.

Though many a veteran beau and gentle maiden,
With tell-tale time's unwelcome honors laden,
Grieve most for changes which their mirrors show,
And sigh o'er conquests they no more can know ; —
Vexed with themselves, who find, alas ! too late,
They're too much changed to change their single state,
(For men or maids who wed not when they may,
'Tis just that " when they would they should have nay ;"
That belles, like birds, who flirt away their prime,
Should find there comes no second pairing time ;)
Though time with us has played his wonted tricks,
Nor failed his labels on our brow to fix, —
With stealthy hand, to mark his progress there,
Has strewed with white, or thinned our flowing hair, —
And dimmed the lustre of the speaking eye, —
Though thefts like these may wake perchance a sigh,
Yet not for these we chide the reckless thief ;
We grieve for changes fraught with sorer grief,
Which fewer still have left the precious few,
Whom most we cherished as we earliest knew.
Fond memory turns to many a vacant place,
And seeks in vain the dear familiar face, —
The hand that met with answering warmth our own,

The voice that had a magic in its tone,
The looks, the smiles, that spoke from heart to heart ;
Life, earth is changed, when forced from these to part !

When of that ardent crowd of gay compeers,
Who hailed with us the hope of distant years,
The many-colored changes we review,
We sadly muse, — we mourn and marvel too.
O'er not a few the final change has passed ;
On some oblivion's pall is kindly cast ;
Some fallen in manhood's strength, mature of mind,
Have left a green, unwithering fame behind.
Untimely some, as we untimely deem,
Fled ere they woke from life's gay morning dream ;
Fled from a shadowy world, all bright and fair,
In heaven to find th' enduring substance there.
And of the way-worn voyagers, who survive,
Some early knew, some never learned to thrive.
Launched from the shore at fortune's dead low tide,
Without or chart or skill their course to guide,
Listless they whiled away the rising flood,
And their affairs at " six and sevens " have stood.
Yet they have gaily laughed, good easy souls,
Content to steer their skiff " midst sands and shoals,"
Nor envied those, who sail with favoring breeze
In gilded barge o'er smooth, unruffled seas,

Bearing their passport in their golden freight
To place, to office, fashion, pomp and state.

Yet there is good and ill, to cure or mar,
Defies the rise or fall of fortune's star, —
Sorrow and joy, deep-seated in the breast,
By no known sign or outward show expressed, —
A joy, with which a stranger meddleth not, —
A bosom woe, that never is forgot, —
The sun that gilds, the cloud that darkens life, —
That joy a true, that woe a faithless wife.
Thus well or ill the voyagers have fared,
As they were fitly matched, or only paired.*
Some in their hearts first choice have been most blest,
And, pillowed on affection's faithful breast,
Have early found in home the hallowed rest
And dwelling-place of all life has of best ;
While others, in their union doubly cursed,
Have made the best of all life has of worst.
Chained, like the victims of the tyrant's hate,†
The etherial spirit with a soulless mate,
In silent torture struggling with their doom,
They bear their untold misery to the tomb.
Others, impatient of their joyless fate,

* "Paired, not Matched"—the title of a popular novel.

† See Vir. Æan. book viii. line 485, et seq.

Have snatched the chalice of the inebriate
In suicidal draughts to drown their woes,
The grave forestalling in the sot's repose.
Enough of changes, deepest felt in hearts
That hide their joys nor tell their secret smarts.

Hail to our own New England, rugged nurse
Of men ennobled by the primal curse —
A race of yeomen kings — the only line
Whose claim to empire rests on right divine ;
Their realm, a conquest won and kept by toil ;
Their sweat the holy consecrating oil
That crowns them rightful sovereigns of the soil.
Their royal sceptre is the goad they wield ;
Their revenue the products of the field ;
Their standing armies are the flocks they feed ;
Prompt at their master's word to toil or bleed ;
Their minstrels, native warblers of the wood ;
Their courtiers gay, the fluttering, cackling brood ;
Sir turkey cock, lords drake and chanticleer,
And their plumed dames and bright-eyed daughters dear.
Their loyal mayor and portly aldermen,
The well-fed tenants of the porker's pen.
Their watch by day, their guard from midnight prowler,
Their bull-dog Wellington and mastiff Jowler ;
Their fear no hostile march of armed bands,

Whose wide domain one frowning fortress stands
Far as the eye its rough frontier explores,
Girt round with granite hills and rock-bound shores.

Hail to our own New England, nurse of arts,
Strong in the strength mechanic skill imparts;
Enriched by commerce, that, with liberal hand,
Scatters the wealth she gleans from every land;
By native industry and enterprise,
Changed from a desert to a paradise.
The Genius of improvement speeds his way
From shore to mountain; — in his keen survey
O'erlooking ne'er a nook in all thy bounds,
And in his track the cheerful hymn resounds
Of busy toil and prosperous thrift and hope,
That prompts to projects vast, of boundless scope.
Hills sink to plains, and vales to levels rise;
O'er paths of iron the fire-winged chariot flies,
Swift, as an arrow seeks its destined mark,
'T is past, ere ill-bred curs have time to bark.
Gruff coachmen growl, — th' exulting horses neigh;
These doff their gear, — those throw their whips away.
The humane traveler sees the toil-worn beast,
Glad as himself from lumbering coach released,
While he, no more concerned for jaded team,
Speeds onward, borne by never-tiring steam.

I greet all changes, that have beautified
Thy towns and villages, that veil their pride
To thy fair city, sitting like a queen
Amidst surrounding grace and beauty seen.
I love thy softening landscapes to explore,
And find new charms in all that pleased before.
And in thy moral features much I trace
Of good improved by many an added grace.
And Yankee, though a name reproached and jeered,
Is still a name illustrious and revered.*

Yet there are changes, 't is a grief to name,
That have obscured and marred thy ancient fame.
Time was, thy sons and daughters were content
To be the creatures God and nature meant ;
When youth was trained to walk in wisdom's ways,
Ere nymphs wore pantalets, or dandies stays,
Nor swallow-tails nor bustled-humps were known ;
An age and race, O how unlike our own !
The men were hardy, simple, brave, sincere,
Who feared their God, and knew no other fear ;
The daughters modest and the matrons chaste,
Whose love allied to heaven the homes they graced,

* Clarum et venerabile nomen.

Nor needed cards, assemblies, show nor play
To cheer the hours that closed the well-spent day ;
And garnering all their heart's delight in home,
Nor sons nor husbands felt the wish to roam.
No taste or time had they for idle sports,
Nor knew the way to pleasure's Paphian courts.
Good deeds they wrought, nor fame nor power to win ;
Their virtue's source and guerdon were within ;
It sought no witness but the Judge Supreme ;
To BE their great ambition, not to seem.*

Not such the bustlers of these stirring days ;
Whate'er they do, 't is all for pelf or praise.
Yet never were such numbers leagued before,
All social wrongs and mischiefs to explore, —
To heal a sin-sick world with new-found cures,
To form an age of genuine Simon Pures.
Zealots in all departments of reform
Are carrying all sin's old strong-holds by storm.
The rage for doing good and being known,
That sort of two-birds-killing with one stone, —
So many hands, so many tongues enlists,
We're stunned and beggared by philanthropists.
Professed reformers in such myriads swarm,

* "Esse quam videri."

They 're straitened sore for subjects to reform.
Once 't was enough if each one mended one,
Nor felt that he was safe till this was done.
Now partners in some saints' association,*
We make a joint-stock business of salvation.
All good societies, 't is understood,
Are sanctified by making others good.
The sins of sinful members are forgiven,
For zeal in fitting other souls for heaven.
They feel the need of self-reform no more ;
They 're all made holy by L'ESPRIT DE CORPS.†

Pastor and flock, erewhiles, like man and wife,
When once together joined, were joined for life.
No light occasion could dissolve the tie ;
His heart was with his charge to live and die, —
To train them up for heaven, and meet them there ;
And they repaid with love his faithful care.
No lure of fame or lust of gold removed
The watchful shepherd from the flock he loved.

*All associations that improperly interfere with individual freedom, or that impair the sense of individual responsibility, are to be shunned and denounced as mischievous, however philanthropic or evangelical the objects which they professedly aim to promote. See "Remarks on Associations," by Dr. Channing. Works, vol. 1, p. 181 and sequ.

† Pronounced, *L'a spree da kore*.

A change has since come o'er the pastoral tie ;
Its love and sanctity are things gone by.
The office Heaven ordained to herald peace, *
And swell its empire with a world's increase,
Now ministers to strife and fierce debate.
For love and union genders schism and hate ;
Betrays the sacred cause 't was meant to aid ;
Shuns and denounces whom it should persuade ;
Inflames the passions which it should allay,
And teaches saints to rail, when they should pray ;
Repels ingenuous youth, who love their Lord,
And but for feuds of priests would preach his word ;
Yet by its loaves and fishes, though so few,
Lures to its ranks a motley, scrambling crew,
Self-tutored to become all things to all —
The sole resemblance they can claim to Paul.

When interest, fashion, novelty or whim
Attracts the hireling to his flock, and them to him,
And they are bound or loosed with equal ease,
The preacher's sole great business is to please,
To fill up empty pews with paying polls ; —
More prized for counting heads than saving souls.

* The christian ministry, I am happy to acknowledge, has in a good degree ceased to merit the reproaches to which it was obnoxious when these lines were written—1848.

A parish pageant, kept for show and pride,
He must be praised by others, or he 's set aside.
Knowing full well his weak, precarious hold,
Based on the favor of his fickle fold,
What wonder if his chief, absorbing care,
Is to be lauded and admired elsewhere, —
If, taught his value by the crowds he draws,
His ruling passion pampered by applause,
He wanders from his poor, first love away,
Allured to brighter walks and better pay?
If laymen reck his value by his fame,
And he goes where he 's called, — pray, whose the blame?
If priests, too, quit their cures for ampler range,
What wonder that their cures are prone to change, —
That, leaving, or forsaken by our charge,
We 're all fast turning ministers at large?*

Nor deem it strange that many go astray,
Who cease to ask for counsel on their way,
That, quit of censors, whom they once revered,
The word of God no longer loved or feared,
They leave the peaceful paths their fathers trod,
And wander wide from duty, heaven, and God.

* After the lapse of nine years since the above lines were written, I am pained to perceive but little if any improvement in the permanence of the pastoral relation, and that the christian ministry resembles more and more the mercenary job-work of the lyceum lecturer or hired advocate in our courts of law.

Though these be changes, ominous of ill,
We glory in our own New England, still.
Though heated crowds have sometimes braved the law,
The good and true still keep those crowds in awe.
What though the rum-king, armed with toddy-sticks,
Tilts at the sheriff's staff in coach and six ;
In vain defiance flashes from his eye,
Like one resolved to conquer or to die.
The people's might is in the sheriff's staff, —
Who greet the tipler's champion with a laugh.
The champion quails, and slinks abashed away,
Provoking only mirth, who meant a fray.*
Though cities nurse full many a pest and sore,
The country's sound and healthy to the core.
Though from the temp'rance pledge so many shrink,
New England's star shall not be quenched in drink.
Her sons and daughters, strong in self control,
Need no entangling vows to bind the soul.
Still liberty, with all her smiling train,
Linked with her guardian, law, prolongs her reign.
For some brief spasms of freedom in excess,
We must not love the mountain nymph the less ;
Nor quit her turf-built altar for a throne,
For acts that from blind zeal for her have flown.

* A Mr. J —, rum dealer, showed resistance, which was met as above described, to the payment of fines imposed for violation of the fifteen-gallon keg law.

All hail ! propitious mother, ever dear,
Whose classic FETE, or culinary cheer
Thy many sons of various tastes delights,
Who duly come to grace thy annual rites, —
How changed thy aspect, since amidst thy bowers
I saunt'ring mused, or wreathed poetic flowers ;
Oft as th' accomplished tasks gave leave to stray
Through field or wood, along some sheltered way,
Or midst the groves, or still, sequestered glen,
Of what was fitly named " Sweet Auburn " then.
For there with living friends, now gone, I strayed, —
Still well-remembered all we looked and said.
It then had charms, " but all those charms are fled ; "
To me 't is twice a " city of the dead."

Where'er I turn to mark some well-known view,
I doubt if 't is the same that once I knew ; —
So changed the whole, though much by change improved,
It tells of many gone, I once revered and loved.

Where now the tall, erect, majestic form,
Of aspect stern, but with affections warm, —
The sage, by nature fashioned to preside
With dignity and tenderness allied ; —
The impartial censor, guardian, guide and friend
Of all his wayward charge, — who knew to blend

Compassion for the culprit with a sense
Of virtuous horror for the loathed offense.
To all by ties of equal kindness bound,
In him we all an equal patron found.
To every claim of worth or genius true,
He gave to each the praise and guerdon due.
Assiduous, punctual, prompt at duty's call,
He felt a parent's love, a parent's care for all.
Thy WILLARD's sainted shade will not refuse
This humble tribute from an humble muse.
Though long since summoned to his glorious rest,
His image lives in many a grateful breast, —
Enshrined with memories of a race of men,
Whose like we may not look upon again.

Time, in his onward march, has swept away
Customs that here once held pernicious sway.
To hoax a freshman, trick a tutor, once
Could make a genius of the veriest dunce.
To swear, to fight, to gamble, to get drunk,
Won for mere dolts collegiate fame for SPUNK.
To steal choice fruit, or graver theft commit
Of fowls or youngling porkers for the spit —
To rob the store-house of the industrious bee,
Were feats deemed glorious cat'rings for a SPREE.
Now these rude follies win renown no more,

Known but as tales of old tradition's lore.
Gone, too, and now remembered but by few,
That old-world college nuisance of the new,
A butt'ry, where were seen, in tempting row,
The sev'ral sources of the tippler's woe, —
Where wine, rum, gin, and spirit-cordials, stood,
As in our licensed grog'ries, FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD!
There, as of old at the Pierian spring,
A little drinking proved a dangerous thing.
When shallow draughts had fired some shallow brain,
No drinking deep would sober it again.
There, too, within its well-provisioned pale,
Were lots of dainty viands kept for sale;
Where hungry tyros hunger's pangs appease,
With pastry, custards, ham, or choice old cheese.
Thither grave tutors sometimes would repair,
For supplement to commons' meager fare.
Not least among th' auspicious signs of change,
This nuisance gone, with many a usage strange,
That passed unchallenged down from sire to son,
And which had best been ended when begun, —
Badges of caste, and privilege of rank,
That with the parent's standing rose or sank, —
Freshman at senior's bidding forced to budge
On servile errands, like some menial drudge, —
And needy students, as if held in scorn,

Made table-waiters to the richer-born.
Honors, once based on accidents of birth,
Now wait on scholarship and moral worth.

The rabble gatherings, too, that thronged the way,
The tents and liquor stalls in long array,
Panders to drunk'ness, caterers to sin,
The vulgar rev'ling and discordant din
That once disgraced thy annual holiday, —
Thanks to th' improving age, have passed away.

The magic touch of little book imparts
No more, as once, the first degree in arts ;
But bundles of diplomas, fair to sight,
Tendered at once to all, make brief the rite,
That erst by oft-repeated formula
Lent needless tedium to the tedious day.
Though off and on this stage mine eye behold
Changes in men and things so manifold,
Change yet has spared, forever may it spare !
The hat quadrangular, and three-legged chair.

With change of times, men's thoughts and ways are new ;
Time-hallowed creeds are held no longer true.
New creeds thy sons to milder tenets mould ;
New lights, new systems, supersede the old ;

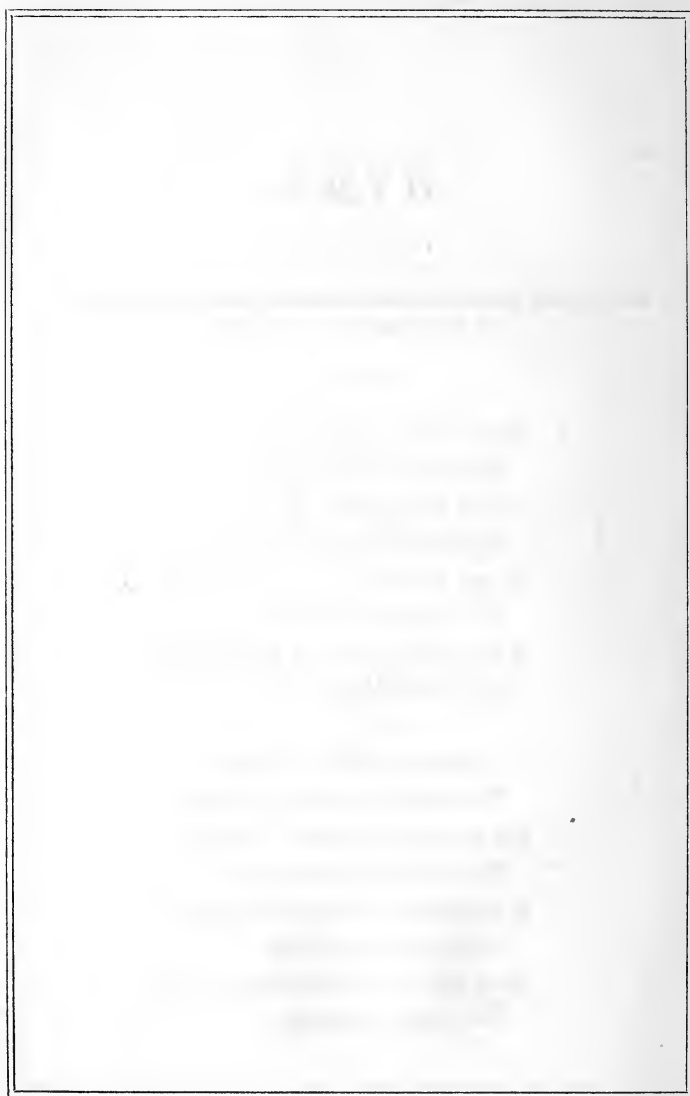
New books, new guides, show shorter ways to truth ;
New schools profess new modes of training youth ;
New men and measures rule in church and state ;
Men very little once, are now grown very great.

Times change, and men and fashions have their day ;
The world my youth first knew has passed away.
As time unmarked its noiseless course has kept,
The great and wise their last long sleep have slept ;
Those lights and models, whom my youth revered,
Have with their fellow pilgrims disappeared.
Another race leads on a prouder age,
Whose magnates figure on a broader stage.
And still, as each new race succeeds to this,
May time still swell the tide of social bliss ; —
Thy sons, fair mother, still be trained to see
Ages yet brighter, happier, and as free.

Thy walks, whose trees their boughs umbrageous spread,
To screen from heat the saunterer's musing head, —
Thy added structures, — thy extended walls, —
Thy fairer temple, and thy ampler halls, —
All speak th' auspicious changes wrought by time
Since here I sojourned in my youth's gay prime.
They tell me, too, of time's unstaying speed,
And bid me well its serious lessons heed.

They warn the young t' improve the space so brief
From spring to autumn's "sere and yellow leaf ;"
They ring in waning manhood's heavy ear
The friendly warnings of the waning year.
They preach to all a truth that is not new ; —
"What shadows we, — what shadows we pursue."
All seem to chide my late, adventurous lay ;
The tittering nymphs and muses seem to say —
"A man past fifty fettering thought in rhyme,
Howe'er in tune, is sadly out of time."
Obedient to the hint, I end my lay ;
And as a tedious guest, long wished away,
Relieves his sleepy host, his visit through, —
I bid my nodding friends and lyre a long adieu.

OCCASIONAL
HYMNS, ODES, SONGS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



HYMN.

SUNG AT THE SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE LANDING
OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

COME, listen to my story,
Though often told before,
Of men who passed to glory
Through toil and travail sore ; —
Of men who did, for conscience' sake,
Their native land forego,
And sought a home and freedom here,
Two hundred years ago.

O ! 't was no earth-born passion,
That made the adventurers stray ;
The world and the world's fashion
With them had passed away.
A voice from heaven bade them look
Above the things below,
When here they found a resting-place,
Two hundred years ago.

Dark was the scene and dreary,
When here they sat them down,
Of storms and billows weary,
And chilled with winter's frown.
Deep moaned the forests to the wind,
Loud howled the savage foe,
While here their evening prayer arose,
Two hundred years ago.

'T would drown the heart with sorrow,
To tell of all their woes ;
Nor respite could they borrow,
But from the grave's repose.
Yet naught could daunt the pilgrim band,
Or sink their courage low,
Who came to plant the gospel here,
Two hundred years ago.

With humble prayer and fasting,
In every strait and grief,
They sought the Everlasting,
And found a sure relief.
Their cov'nant God o'ershadowed them,
Their shield from every foe,
And gave them here a dwelling-place,
Two hundred years ago.

Of fair New England's glory
They laid the corner-stone ;
This deed, in deathless story,
Their grateful sons shall own.
Prophetic they foresaw in time
A mighty state should grow
From them, a few faint pilgrims here,
Two hundred years ago.

If greatness be in daring,
Our pilgrim sires were great,
Whose sojourn here, unsparing
Disease and famine wait.
And oft their treacherous foes combined
To lay the strangers low,
While founding here their commonwealth,
Two hundred years ago.

Though seeming over-zealous
In things by us deemed light,
They were but duly jealous
Of power usurping right.
They nobly chose to part with all
To men most dear below,
To worship here their God in peace,
Two hundred years ago.

From seeds they sowed with weeping,
Our richest harvests rise ;
We still the fruits are reaping,
Of pilgrim enterprise.
Then grateful we to them will pay
The debt of fame we owe,
Who planted here the tree of life,
Two hundred years ago.

As comes this period yearly,
Around our cheerful fires
We'll think and tell how dearly
Our comforts cost our sires.
For them we'll wake the festive song,
And bid the canvas glow,
Who fixed the home of freedom here,
Two hundred years ago.

SONG.

SUNG BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF THE CITY AND STATE
OF NEW YORK, DEC. 22, 1832, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY IN COMMEMORA-
TION OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

“We have met to remember the day.”

We have met to remember the day,
When the pilgrims first trod the bleak shore
That gave them a home far away
From the homes they should visit no more.
We will not forget what we owe them
For all they have left us in trust,
And though fall'n in our virtue below them,
We still to their fame will be just.

We have met to remember their deeds,
The privations and toils they endured ;
Though the heart o'er their sufferings bleeds,
It exults in the rights they secured.
The rights they bequeathed us we'll cherish, —
A heritage sacred and dear ;
And their rock-girdled refuge shall perish,
Ere their sons cease their names to revere.

We'll remember the faith of our sires, —
Their sun in their sojourn of gloom,
That reflected from heaven's far spires,
The bright halo of hope on the tomb.
'T was to worship their God unmolested,
They left the loved scenes of their youth,
For a land which no tyrant infested, —
Self-exiled for freedom and truth.

We'll remember their wisdom, who reared
On the pillars of justice and right,
A republic by sages revered,
And dreaded by kings in their might;
Of their skill and prophetic discerning,
New England a monument stands, —
In her morals, religion, and learning,
The glory and pride of all lands.

The neat village, the school-house and church,
Her broad hills, her deep valleys and streams,
The tall pine, the rough oak, the smooth birch,
Are all fresh in our day thoughts and dreams.
O New England ! wherever sojourning,
Thy children, in sadness or mirth,
By distance unweaned — with fond yearning
Still turn to the land of their birth.

We can never the pathways forget,
We so oft in our boyhood have trod,
To the school where our playmates we met,
And the house where we worshiped our God.
Ere we 're found in our waywardness shunning
The lessons there taught us in love,
Be our right hand bereft of its cunning,
And, palsied, our tongue cease to move.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SALEM.

IN pleasant lands have fall'n the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe, beneath our sheltering vines,
Our youth is blest, and blest our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the Planter dear !

From them, a pure and chosen seed,
Have sprung a people great and free,
Who ever in their hour of need
Have found a present help in thee.

With pious steps we love to trace
And mark the spot, as holy ground,
Where first a rest and dwelling-place
The weary band of pilgrims found.

Where we sleep safe, they watched with fear,
And pined in famine where we feast ;
They heard, where we sweet minstrels hear,
The savage howl and prowling beast.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears, in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and lineage last.

SONG.

SUNG AT TABLE ON THE SAME OCCASION.—Tune, *Auld Lang Syne*.

SHOULD ancient worthies be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Who crossed the seas, when we were not,
Fair Freedom's home to find?

CHORUS.

We'll think of what for us they bore,
While sitting o'er our wine,
And pay one filial tribute more
To days of *auld lang syne*.

O! sad the need, though dear the cause,
That forces man to roam,
And leave the land that gave him birth
And holds his childhood's home.

And sharp the pang the Pilgrims felt,
When—lessening to their view—
They bade the fading hills and shores
Of father-land adieu.

But they had heard their Master's call
To take their cross and flee,
And quit a land that would enthrall
The mind that should be free.

From priestly pride and slavish forms
The man of sin had taught ;
From crown and crozier, misallied,
A refuge here they sought.

O ! 't was a moving sight to see
The shores on either side,
As off the neck of Naumkeag
They safe at anchor ride.

The woods a solemn welcome waved,
The winds sighed sadly by ;
No friendly greeting from the shore
Salutes their ear or eye.

Here growled a bear, there barked a wolf, —
These waked the boding owl ; —
Grim savage strollers gazed awhile,
Then raised a dismal howl.

When settled here to farm and trade,
Their cares and troubles grew ;

Of metes and bounds, of mine and thine,
Nor wolves nor natives knew.

These plund'ers robbed their fields and roosts,
Nor heeded pales nor law ;
Whate'er they took they deemed their own,
By right of bow and claw.

Though nonconformists every soul,
They all as one agree
To banish savage, wolf, and bear,
For nonconformity.

These troubles o'er, and stronger grown, —
Still sorer grievance rose ;
They could not all believe alike,
For some to differ chose.

Disputes, that reason could not end,
They'd learned the way to quell ;
The many vote the few are wrong,
And send them hence to dwell.

The captain next and minister
Would have the women veil,
Lest Satan, by a pretty face,
Weak hearts at church assail.

A fair defeat the worthies met —
The women had their will ;
And all that own a pretty face,
Are free to show it still.

In turn, this insult to avenge,
They sore bewitched the men ;
Though some were hung, their witching arts
Continue much as then.

Their troubles o'er, their labors done, —
The pilgrims are at rest ;
Their spirits, haply, hover near,
Well-pleased to see us blest.

Now, romance-like, my song must end,
Since all are happy here ;
Heaven grant our sons may fare as well,
The next two hundredth year.

CHORUS.

And think of what their fathers bore,
While sitting o'er their wine,
And pay one filial tribute more
To days of auld lang syne.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
CONCORD FIGHT.

O God ! supreme o'er earth and skies,
To thee our fathers' suppliant eyes
Were raised for help, when loud th' alarm
Of battle called the brave to arm.

Here on this consecrated ground,
Where sleeps their martyred dust around,
Their sons exulting raise to thee
Their grateful hymn of jubilee.

Thou didst inspire the patriot band ;
Thy breath the flame of freedom fanned,
And bade her banners glorious wave
To marshal here the free and brave.

In that dread hour when needed most,
Thy might was with the gathering host,
When first the royal hireling brood
Provoked resistance unto blood.

The blood that dyed that day the field,
A nation's independence sealed ;
That blood sent up its cry to thee, —
A nation's pledge of victory.

Our fathers' deeds, in deathless song,
Time in its course shall bear along ;
Their sons still happy, brave and free,
Shall own their boundless debt to thee.

ODE.

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

When God his image stamped divine
On man, "Let him," he said, "be free,
And in his bosom deep enshrine
The sacred flame of liberty."

CHORUS.

Hail, holy liberty! fair liberty, to thee
Glad millions chant their jubilee.

Though shrouded long in error's night,
And still by tyrant power confined,
Thy living fires burn warm and bright
In every breast of human kind.

Let giant hands, with impious might,
Mountain o'er mountain laboring pile,
To quench thy fires, to hide thy light, —
Their labors shall but move thy smile.

Far south thy fires are gleaming high,
And, kindling, spread from sea to sea ;
Old Chimborazo's " Titan eye "
Sees all his broad green vallies free.

Still burns thy flame in struggling Greece ;
Her sons pour out their blood to thee ;
Nor shall the holy conflict cease,
Till Turk and traitor fall or flee.*

O'er the wide empire of the Czar,
Some sparks have pierced the Stygian gloom ;
In every realm thy rising star
Foretells the trembling despot's doom.

The rays of knowledge brightening spread ;
Pale superstition's brood of night,
Of ignorance and terror bred,
Retreat before thy hallowed light.

Thy shining track all eyes survey ;
Men read their rights in every zone ;
Earth soon shall own no tyrant sway,
And lord and slave be names unknown.

*This prediction was fulfilled soon after its utterance.

CHORUS.

Yes, holy liberty ! fair liberty, to thee,
A world shall chant its jubilee.

Blest spirits of the mighty dead,
And ye, the hoary remnant spared,
Who first for freedom toiled and bled,
Fame blazons far the deeds ye dared.

CHORUS.

Hail, holy liberty ! fair liberty, to thee
True as our sires we swear to be.

Heralds of liberty were ye,
When scarce the world her name had learned ;
And ye, who made your country free,
With her a deathless name have earned.

We 'll guard your graves, where'er ye sleep,
And yearly bring the tribute due ;
Each sod our grateful tears shall steep ;
With flowers each lowly bed we 'll strew.

In memory thus the dead shall live, —
The living other boon shall claim ;
Take what ye gave us power to give ;
Your country owes you more than fame.*

* The Pension Act had recently been passed in Congress in behalf of the surviving officers and privates of the revolutionary army.

HYMN.

FOR A RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
JULY 4TH, 1830.

FREEMEN, we our chartered rights
Hold from men who lived the lights,
And the bulwarks on her heights,
Of their country stood.
Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
Back the oppressors' hosts they turned,
Freedom for their sons they earned,
By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized,
Who their life-blood sacrificed,
That a boon so dearly prized
They for us might win.
Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
Bought with blood in battle poured,
If unfranchised by thy word,
We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control,
Is but leave to wreck the soul,
Passion driven on pleasure's shoal, —

To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
Of that richest gem of earth —
Freedom of the mind.

Save our land from error's thrall ;
Bid her bondmen's fetters fall ;

Home the weary captives call ;

Let the oppressed go free.

Be the red man's wrongs redressed ;

Give the wanderer space to rest,

Ere to "islands of the blest,"

His sad spirit flee.

H Y M N .

AS SUNG AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER
HILL MONUMENT.

O GLORIOUS day ! that saw the array
Of freemen in their might,
When here they stood, unused to blood,
Yet dared th' unequal fight.

The sons are met to own the debt
Due to their fathers' fame ;
And here they place the column's base,
To bear their deathless name.

'T is not that here the victor's cheer
Rung o'er the falling foe,
That earth here drank of many a rank
The life-blood's gushing flow !

The pledge here given to earth and heaven
Freemen to live or die, —
This gives their fame its sacred claim
To immortality.

To God who willed a state to build,
Based on the rights of man,
Glory we give, who this day live
To hail the accomplished plan.

HYMN.

SUNG ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN SALEM, TO BE
REMOVED AND A NEW ONE BUILT ON THE SPOT, MARCH, 1826.

HERE to the High and Holy One
Our fathers early reared
A house of prayer — a lowly one,
Yet long to them endeared
By hours of sweet communion
Held with their cov'nant God,
As oft, in sacred union,
His hallowed courts they trod.

Here, exiled to a wilderness,
Thou, Lord, for them didst spread
A table, whence thy ministers
Dispensed the living bread.
They grew, by thee defended,
Midst want and fears and foes ;
And 'neath thy wings extended,
Found shelter and repose.

Though other fanes, of statelier form,
Rose o'er this hallowed spot,
The glory of thy former house
From memory faded not.
Still dear the lights that led them,
When they were faint and few ;
And dear thy word, that fed them,
Whence all their strength they drew.

Gone are the pious multitudes,
That here kept holy time, —
In other courts assembled now,
For worship more sublime.
Their children, we are waiting,
In meekness, Lord, thy call ;
Thy love still celebrating, —
Our hope, our trust, our all.

These time-worn walls, — the resting-place
So oft from earthly cares, —
To righteous souls now perfected, —
We leave with thanks and prayers ;
With thanks for every blessing
Vouchsafed through all the past, —
With prayers thy throne addressing,
For guidance to the last.

Though from this house, so long beloved,
We part with sadness now,
Yet here, we trust, with gladness soon
In fairer courts to bow.
Soon, too, our souls forsaking
These bodies, fallen and pale,
In brighter forms awaking,
With joy the change shall hail.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW HOUSE, NOV. 16, 1826.

AGAIN we hail the hallowed spot,
Where first our fathers knelt in prayer ;
Grateful that here there faileth not
A temple, Lord, thy name to bear.

As thou each former house didst own,
And with thy favoring presence fill, —
In this thy saving health make known,
And be thy people's portion still.

The footsteps of thy saints we seek,
Who here the path to glory trod ;
Though gone, their faith and virtues speak,
And point the way to heaven and God.

Here be thy sabbath sanctified, —
Thy word dispensed and heard in love,
From hearts sincere and purified —
Our worship be like that above.

Here be thy service still the same,
Till sabbaths cease and time shall end,
And earth and skies, involved in flame,
Temples and suns in ruin blend.

All hail, once more, the hallowed spot,
Where first our fathers knelt in prayer ;
Thanks to our God, there faileth not
A temple here thy name to bear.

H Y M N .

FOR DEDICATION OF A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

THY temple, Lord, is boundless space,
And worship from all worlds is thine ;
Yet thou dost deign thy dwelling-place
To make in many an earthly shrine.

Then bow thy heavens, O God, Most High, —
Vouchsafe thy hallowing presence here ;
And when thy people meet, be nigh,
Their heart-breathed prayers and vows to hear.

Here let thy truth and grace be taught,
Sincere and pure from earthly leaven,
As first in love by Jesus brought, —
The richest gift to man from heaven.

In accents mild let mercy plead,
To win the sinner from his ways ;
Let pity bind the hearts that bleed,
And souls that mourn here learn to praise.

A people here, O God, prepare,
And make them for thy service meet ;
Let every mind thy image bear,
And heaven the bliss of earth complete.

HYMN.

FOR A SIMILAR OCCASION.

IN costly fane, the pride of art,
Or bowed in lowliest cell, —
Lord, in the pure and grateful heart
Thou dost delight to dwell.

Thy servants find thee everywhere,
Alone, by night or day ;
The world is all a house of prayer,
To souls that love to pray.

Yet, with intenser, brighter flame,
Devotion's fire will blaze,
When many meet in Jesus' name,
To join in prayer and praise.

That here our mingled vows may rise,
This house our hands have reared
To thee, the only God, most wise,
In heaven and earth revered.

Be here our souls' secure retreat, —
Our ark on life's chafed sea ;
Unheard the storm without shall beat,
While we commune with thee.

Here, with a Father's gracious eye,
Behold the suppliant throng,
Oft as they breathe the imploring sigh,
Or wake the choral song.

Here let the mourner's tears be dried,
The fearful cease to fear,
The anxious in thy care confide,
The lonely feel thee near.

Let not in vain the wicked hear,
When urged to turn and live ;
And when for sin they mourn sincere,
Show mercy and forgive.

Be all that here shall meet to pray,
Till worship here shall cease,
Prepared, without one cast-away,
To meet their Judge in peace.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE UNITARIAN HOUSE OF WORSHIP
IN IPSWICH, MASS. OCTOBER 23, 1833.

GREAT God ! creation's glorious frame,
Thy handiwork, so wondrous fair,
A temple stands to bear thy name
And summon man to faith and prayer.

Filling, unseen, thy boundless shrine,
From heaven and earth and radiant spheres,
Thy spirit, gracious and benign,
Vocal or mute, all worship hears.

Yet thou hast many an earthly shrine,
Where thou dost deign the suppliant throng
To meet and bless with gifts divine,
Vouchsafed to prayer and sacred song.

O, blest retreats from strife and care !
One more we add, and jointly here
Devote to thee this house of prayer,
With solemn rites and vows sincere.

Here be thy hallowed presence felt,
As oft in worship here we join ;
Thy truth illumine, thy mercy melt
Our souls with light and love divine.

In Jesus' name be here preferred
All prayer — to thee all glory given ;
And by thy worship and thy word,
Be here our spirits formed for heaven.

H Y M N .

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF A HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN RICHMOND, VA.

LORD God of worlds on worlds unknown,
Thou hast a temple all thine own,
Reared without hands, all height above, —
Our Father's house, the home of love.

For man thous't built a temple, too,
With star-lit arch of boundless blue,
With aisles of soft and cheerful green, —
And made him priest, of God-like mien.

We, Lord, have built this house of prayer,
That we may here in peace repair,
And in the new and living way,
Our mingled vows and homage pay.

Here would we learn to read aright
Thy works and word, — and by their light
Would walk, till, through this earthly shrine,
We reach thy temple all divine.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW HOUSE OF WORSHIP FOR
THE USE OF THE EAST SOCIETY, SALEM, JANUARY 1, 1846.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—Ps. xxix : ii.

THE beauty, Lord, of holiness,
No temple built by hands can show ;
No outward symbol can express,
What in the soul must live and glow.

Yet here, on this now hallowed spot,
We've built for thee this goodly shrine, —
Whate'er the cost, we count it not, —
We give but what before was thine.

'Tis not that here we deem thou 'lt be
More present or propitious, Lord,
To hear the prayer we make to thee, —
To guide or cheer us by thy word.

The boundless heavens cannot contain
The God, whose hands those heavens uphold ;

O how much less earth's proudest fane,
With amplest vaults of fretted gold !

Thy influence reaches, unconfined,
All hearts, all worlds ; — to time nor place
Dost thou restrict the pious mind,
Or bound the visits of thy grace.

Yet on thy sabbaths, gathered here,
We trust our spirits may be brought
To feel thee more than ever near,
Inspiring pure and reverent thought.

Yes, we will hope to offer thee
The worship here which thou wilt bless,
Till in each soul enshrined thou see
The beauty, Lord, of holiness.

H Y M N .

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH ON A NEW SITE, IN
LEXINGTON, MASS.

LONG had the spot been hallowed ground
Where late our time-worn temple stood, —
Long ere it heard the war-trump sound,
Or saw its green turf stained with blood.

And still it stood the gathering place
For souls that there to Christ were led,
Till, yielding to a younger race,
The elders with its walls are fled.

A goodlier shrine, O God, to thee,
We here have reared, — and now implore,
With suppliant eye and bended knee,
Thy blessing on it evermore.

Here to thy worship we will come,
Oft as the sabbath bell is heard, —
Pilgrims, that seek a heavenly home,
To learn the way from thy pure word.

Not, as our fathers erst in arms, —
Whose martyred dust is sleeping nigh, —
Come we, called here by war's alarms,
For freedom and our rights to die.

Our civil rights and freedom won
By patriot sires, who fought and bled,
That here our days might peaceful run,
We have no war of blood to dread.

Our battle-strife is with a foe
That threatens with death the spirit's life ;
O grant us help and light to know
How best to wage the holy strife.

'Gainst public sin and social wrong,
Upheld by custom, law, or pride,
Christ's truth shall still the strife prolong,
Till love rules all, for whom he died.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. C. THAYER.

THE sons of God glad anthems sung,
The ancient spheres with rapture rung,
When they beheld the younger birth
Of these pure heavens and this fair earth.

Man sinned ; the heavens with tempests lowered ;
Ocean o'er earth a deluge poured,
And whelmed in one wide, weltering grave,
A race, O God ! too lost to save.

Safe in thy ark a remnant rode, —
Back to their bounds the waters flowed ;
Beneath thy bow of promise grew
Another race, that wandered too.

From Horeb's top, midst clouds and flame,
Thou didst reveal thy awful name,
And there thy law's dread sanctions give —
“ Transgress and die ” — “ obey and live.”

At last was heard the angelic strain,
That ushered in Messiah's reign,
And brought glad tidings down from heaven —
Of man redeemed and sin forgiven.

And still the undying strain is heard
From earthly heralds of thy word,
Bidding the weary and distressed,
In Jesus find relief and rest.

O bless another herald's voice,
Who comes, thy waiting people's choice,
To show the path thy saints have trod,
And call the wandering home to God.

Here let his speech like dew distil,
That verdure spreads o'er vale and hill, —
His doctrine drop like gentle rain,
That cheers the flowers and swells the grain.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

O THOU, most high and holy one !
Hither from many a hearth and home,
In the dear name of Christ thy son,
To worship and rejoice we 've come.

For him who kneels before thee now,
In prayer to thee our souls we lift,
That thou thy servant wilt endow
With every past'ral grace and gift.

Do thou our hearts' free choice approve ;
And let our welcome of to-day,
When toil-spent at his work of love,
Drive languor, doubt, and fear away.

Though grieved to miss, through faltering strength,
The voice of him so long our guide,
We joy with him to have at length
The loss we mourned, again supplied.

Let not to us be shown in vain
The way to peace through love and truth ;
Taught how the priceless boon to gain,
By peaceful age and pleading youth.

Long may their light, undimmed, shine on, —
The rising and the setting star :
When they and we from earth are gone,
Our home be where thine angels are.

H Y M N .

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. DANIEL W. STEVENS.

MIDST anxious fears and trembling hopes,
That struggle in his breast, —
Lord, let thy servant trust thy word,
And hush his fears to rest.

Thou in thy faithful word hast said,
To him who trusts in thee, —
“As is thy day, and as thy need,
E’en so thy strength shall be.”

Cheered by thy promise, to the field
Before thy servant spread,
Let him with gladness come, and feed
Thy flock with living bread.

We bid thy servant welcome here,
And hail with joy the day
That gives to us a guide to show
And lead to heaven the way.

While on his head the elders' hands
With prayer for him are laid,
O be the blessing largely given
For which the prayer is made !

A herald he of gospel grace, —
O let that grace suffice
For him and us, that both may live
The life that never dies !

HYMN.

FOR ORDINATION, IN A NEW SOCIETY.

ALL-GLORIOUS Lord of heaven and earth !
When angels sung a Saviour's birth,
"Glory to God !" the song began ;
It closed with — "Peace and love to man !"

Glory to thee we give this day,
That earthly heralds still convey
What angels sung from their bright spheres —
Good news to our delighted ears.

Eternal life they still proclaim —
The gift and Giver still the same ;
The same the straight and narrow way, —
To know thy will, and to obey.

Grateful, this lately-gathered band
Of suppliants, Lord, before thee stand,
And join their pastor's heart-breathed prayer —
That they may grow beneath his care.

Thy dews and sunshine swell the grain,
Till ripened sheaves bend o'er the plain ;
So be thy spirit largely given,
And souls shall ripen here for heaven.

All-glorious Lord of heaven and earth !
When angels sung a Saviour's birth,
" Glory to God ! " the song began ;
It closed with — " Peace and love to man ! "

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. EDWIN A. EATON.

“AND lo! I come,” the Saviour says,
“To do my Father’s will;
By prayerful nights and toilsome days
My mission to fulfil.”

The word of life from heaven he brought, —
Sole cure for sin and woe,
And forth to teach, as he had taught,
He bade his followers go.

And forth they went — the world their field —
The precious seed to strew;
And rich the harvest, great the yield,
That from their labors grew.

A plenteous harvest, yet unrept,
Awaits the laborer’s toil;
For tares have grown, while men have slept,
And overrun the soil.

The lab'ers few, while great the need
Of willing hands to sow
On fallow ground the gospel seed,
Whence sheaves for heaven may grow.

Lord of the harvest ! smile, we pray,
On him to whom thou 'st given
The will to labor, if he may
But bind new sheaves for heaven.

Though changed his field of labor, Lord,
O grant that he may rear
From the good seed of thy pure word,
His amplest harvest here.

ODE.

FOR THE TABLE AT THE MEETING OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI, 1841.

THY sons, fair mother ! at thy call
Have come with gladness and with tears,
To trace o'er lawn, through grove and hall,
Thoughts, sweet and sad, of by-gone years.

We come, "auld lang syne" paths to tread, —
To bring the past and distant near, —
T' embalm afresh the cherished dead,
Whose memories make thy walls so dear.

'Tis sweet beneath these shades again
To meet and talk our young dreams o'er ;
But sad the thought, that now we 're men,
We such bright dreams can dream no more.

'Tis sweet around thy tables, spread
With genial cheer, again to meet ;
But sad to think what bitter bread
Thy sons have oft been doomed to eat.

Yet, mother ! thou art justified
In all thy sons, howe'er they 've sped ;
Thy gifts immortal still abide,
When fortune's treach'rous gifts have fled.

So deemed our sires, when, faint and few,
They founded here this ancient pile,
Where learning first thy fostering knew,
And arts that made the desert smile.

Forth from this birth-place of the mind
Have issued, rich in wealth of soul,
Teachers and models to their kind, —
The guides to glory's shining goal.

“ Fine spirits,” trained “ to issues fine,”
Have shed their radiance from thy birth ;
And still thy lengthening, bright'ning line
Halts not, — still gladd'ning heaven and earth.

H Y M N .

WRITTEN FOR THE CLASS GRADUATING FROM THE CAMBRIDGE
DIVINITY SCHOOL, JULY 14TH, 1848.

FATHER of lights ! we here have sought
Christ and his truth aright to know ;
And teachers now, as we 've been taught,
Forth to declare his truth we go.

We leave these shades, this loved retreat,
This cherished school of sacred lore, —
Life's trial-scenes henceforth to meet,
Which Jesus calls us to explore.

Grant us, O God, like him to feel
For human guilt and human woe, —
Like him the spirit's wounds to heal, —
Our hearts with love like his to glow.

Give us a tongue to plead for peace —
To lay the Moloch fiend of war, —
To speed the fettered slave's release ;
Sparing no sins Christ suffered for.

Teach us to scorn the bigot's part,
The narrowness of sect to shun, —
To own in every loving heart
A true disciple of thy Son.

Where'er a hearing we may gain,
From many or from two or three,
Let hovel, hall, or crowded fane,
Attest our faithful ministry.

LINES.

[Miss Allen, an accomplished miniature painter, having presented the writer with a beautiful pair of slippers, wrought by her own hands, the following lines were sent her in return.]

HEYDAY! what are these? Messrs. Feet, are ye mine?
I scarce can believe it, ye 're looking so fine.
Having doffed your old slippers, all tattered and torn,
So shabby and soiled, all unfit to be worn,
A nymph has bedizened you out with a pair,
That a prince or the pope might feel honored to wear.
Having snatched from the rainbow its several hues,
She has wrought them on canvas, in fashion like shoes,
But called slippers — a name to betoken the ease
With which they 're put on or put off, as we please.
Fit emblems of comfort at morn and at eve,
Which good housewives delight to impart and receive.
These rival the sandals the gods wear above,
Such as Ganymede hands to her dread master, Jove,
After sitting in council and toiling all day,
To maintain over men and celestials his sway.
'T is a *ruse* of the graces, who are always caballing
With a favorite sprite, known on earth as Miss Allen, —

But to poets, and other etherial races,
Known — I can't keep the secret — as one of the graces —
To make her in all that she chooses bewitching,
As they 've made her unrivalled in painting and stitching ;
As witness the faces her pencil makes fairer,
And these feats of her needle, so prized by the wearer.
Messrs. Feet are so proud of the honor she 's done them,
That they strut and take airs consequential upon them ;—
As for hands, eyes, and head, they 're beginning to flout them,
And to boast they can manage to get on without them.
They can take the whole body, they say, where they please ;
And if they should refuse, it must walk on its knees.
In their vain self-conceit and complacency swelling,
They 'll aspire to put heels over head by rebelling, —
Unless the same nymph, by an all-potent spell,
Will assist to subdue them — as how — shall I tell ? —
Were I but a Cœlebs, — to keep their pride down,
I would kneel till she honored my head with a crown.*

* See Proverbs XII : IV.

SONNET.

[After a delightful evening passed with Miss Martineau, who gave me much new and interesting information in answer to my inquiries concerning the distinguished living writers of her country, male and female, I sent her, the next morning, the following—"SONNET TO MISS MARTINEAU'S EAR-TRUMPET."]

THRICE-PRECIOUS tube ! thou faithful voice-conveyer
Through thy accomplished mistress' outward ear
To that within, wont other sounds to hear
Than those of earth ; — for all the Nine obey her
Oft as she wills their promptings to rehearse
In tale or tract or choice morceaus of verse, —
Through thee, quick, clear and sweet response I win,
From more than Delphic oracle within, —
For spirits o'er " the vasty deep " I call
Through thee ; and Endor's witch to royal Saul
The prophet's form not sooner brought, than she
The gifted minds of her fair isle to me.
My heart's warm thanks to her thro' thee I fain would speak ;
But words to tell their warmth are all too poor and weak.

OCTOBER 13, 1835.

SOLILOQUY.

[Having borrowed of Miss B— "Butler's Reminiscences," the book was returned with the following:

A REMINISCENCE IN ANTICIPATION, ALIAS IRISH.—Found among the papers of a musing, dreamy solitaire, who appears to have been an ardent admirer of the race of *Blue Stockings*, which race appears to have been much on the increase in the early part of the nineteenth century, the following soliloquy, of which a certain Miss Burley was the subject. The lady, it is conjectured, must afterwards have been married, as the marriage of one of that name we find to have been recorded in the newspapers of that period: but whether to the writer of these verses, or to some more fortunate admirer, is not known.

ANTIQUARIUS.

May 23, 1803.]

Would heaven vouchsafe me a friend to converse with,
To read and to revel in prose and in verse with,
To ~~live~~ with me late and to walk with me early,
Might I choose, it should—who should it be, but Miss Burley?

To recruit me when weary of books and of study,
To stir up my wits when grown stagnant and muddy,
To recall my good humor when sullen or surly, —
Would require but a word and a smile from Miss Burley.

Would I relish a novel or feast on a poem,
Or of John's holy gospel unravel the proem,
Or solve points polemic, all knotty and knurly, —
Let me read and discuss and decide with Miss Burley.

The twilight would vanish more softly and sweetly,
The moments glide by still more gladly and fleetly,
From the tea-urn the smoke rise more fragrant and curly, —
Might I rest me at eve *tete-a-tete* with Miss Burley.

Your common-place belle may charm common-place dandies,
They may boast of her shape and how taper her hand is,
How like rubies her lips, and her teeth all so pearly, —
But give me the good sense and the wit of Miss Burley.

SONNET TO MISS B.

[With a copy of the "Art of Being Happy," from the French of Droz, with notes and comments by T. Flint.]

LADY! ready this, — though thou hast little need,
Since partial fortune has to thee decreed,
Beyond the reach of written rules to show,
Skill to be happy and make others so.
Yet read, and mark the gifts but rarely met,
Which make thy lot to heaven a countless debt;
Peace and a self-poised, independent mind, —
Health, competence, and friendship true and kind, —
The author's five chief means of earthly bliss,
Which most that live are doomed in part to miss;
Yet these in thee are crowned with gifts more rare,
Such as thy sex is seldom seen to share, —
Talents and learning, wit, and words of power to bless,
And make ~~thy~~ ^{our} course with thee the "art of happiness."

LINES TO MISS B.

ATTEMPTED IMITATION OF THE GERMAN, SENT TO HER THE MORNING AFTER READING WITH HER TO A LATE HOUR TRANSLATIONS PARTLY HER OWN, AND OTHERS, FROM THE TWO EMINENT WRITERS NAMED IN THE TEXT.

Too fleetly the flower-winged moments fled o'er us,
 Each crowned with its garlands of gay-tinted dyes,
 And rich were the far-wafted odors they bore us,
 From gardens that bloomed beneath sunniest skies, —
 As late wore the hour.

The spirits of Goethe and Schiller were by us,
 While ours drank in light from their thought-beaming page,
 And a spell of deep sympathy seemed to ally us
 To the true and the fair of the poet and sage, —
 As late wore the hour.

Alone when returning the heavens were glowing,
 With the northern aurora and stars silvery bright,
 And softly the wind from the sweet south was blowing ; —
 A night scene, that thrilled my rapt soul with delight, —
 As late wore the hour.

Yet my spirit looked back to the love-lighted dwelling,
Where the heart's best affections are always at home,
And I saw there a heaven, in brightness excelling
All the lights I beheld in the star-spangled dome, —
As late wore the hour.

LINEs.

WRITTEN AT SEA ON A VOYAGE TO VISIT AND PASS THE WINTER WITH
MY EARLIEST AND BEST-LOVED FRIEND, THE REV. T. FLINT, ON THE
BANKS OF RED RIVER, FOR THE RECOVERY OF MY HEALTH.

Lo ! my heart's nearest brother, more near than by blood,
I come on the waves of the dark-rolling flood,
And I smile at the peril, nor shrink from the pain —
To meet thee, my brother, on earth once again.

I come wafted through foam by the fierce northern gale,
That shrieks in our shrouds, and that tears the ship's sail ;
Full fast I approach thee — the quivering mast
And the shreds of rent canvas* betoken how fast.

And still my impatience ill brooks the delay,
While I envy the winds that sweep by on their way,
To refresh my far friend, mid his sheltering groves,
And to breathe through their branches the music he loves.

On, on, o'er the billows, my brave ocean steed !
And the Pegasus poets have praised for his speed

*The gale carried away our jib-boom, and split two of our sails.

Shall yield to my fleet courser's many-winged flight, —
So the sweet heavens guide steed and rider aright.

Away from all ties, from all duties I'm borne,
An invalid, care-worn, dyspeptic, forlorn;
Buoyed by hope in the home of my friend to resume,
If not of the cheek, yet the soul's vernal bloom.

I come with my brother once more to review
Our sweet spring time, when hope and her visions were new, —
To live o'er again our best days of the past,
And, communing of heaven, to prepare for our last.

I come to respire the soft airs of the land,
Where the cotton-fields wave, and the winter is bland, —
Where the orange and fig in their season put forth,
Nor fear a rebuke from the blasts of the north.

I come, if perchance I may once more renew
The strength of my manhood, — the pale, sallow hue
Of disease from my countenance banish once more, —
And find in communings with thee a balm to restore.

Or, if haply the life-pulse I so languidly count,
Shall still faintlier move, till it stops at the fount,
Thy kind watch o'er thy friend to the last thou wilt keep, —
And my rest shall be where we together will sleep.

AT SEA, ON BOARD THE SAXON, DECEMBER, 1836.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS —, WHILE PASSING THE WINTER ON THE BANKS
OF RED RIVER, IN LOUISIANA.

To think of thee, while far away
I sojourn here, a stranger guest,
When rapt in musing mood I stray,
Or when I seek my lonely rest, —
Brings to my spirit more delight
Than converse here with nymph or sage,
Though graced with all that's fair and bright
In blooming youth or lettered age.
Ah! what is aught I hear or see,
When 't is not heard and seen with thee?

Far to the warm and genial south,
Where blooms the jess'mine all the year,
Unscathed by frost, unscorched by *drouth*,
Whose modest leaf is never sere, —
Companion of the birds, that fly
From winter's blast and woods all bare,
I bask beneath a summer's sky,
And breathe a bland Favonian air.

Yet cold the sunniest clime to me,
Whose warmth I do not feel with thee.

In my far home stern winter reigns,
While here soft vernal showers prepare
Their robe of green for woods and plains,
Filling with sweets the ambient air,
Breathed from ten thousand opening buds ;
Fragrance and song, twin-born with spring,
Charming the forests, fields, and floods,
Make joyous every living thing.
Still, still it is not spring to me,
Who wander far from home and thee.

Along this mighty valley borne,
On streams that traverse many a clime,
Through drift* from ancient forests torn,
Where nature wantons in her prime,
Midst flowers of every scent and hue,
And flowering shrubs, that fringe the shore,
While I my silent way pursue,
Without or sail or toiling oar, —
Lost is the voyage's charm to me,
Or half enjoyed, not shared with thee.

* Drift is a term applied to the floating trees, and trunks and branches of trees, that are always seen in all states, from the entire living tree to old decayed trunks and fragments of every size and form, scattered along the whole surface of the Mississippi when its waters are high.

SONNET.

TO MISSES H. AND E. H—S, BY THEIR MUCH-INDEBTED AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND PASTOR.

LADIES ! I've penned light ditties many a time,
To many an idol of my ardent youth ; —
All-credulous I wove my artless rhyme,
Praising proud beauties with a lover's truth, —
Nor knew, till waking from my self-wrought dream,
That all was fancy-work — alike my theme
And its adornments, figments of my brain.
Not so the subject of this heart-breathed strain, —
The worth of friends I've known and loved so long ;
The daily beauty of whose life my muse
Forbears to mar with fiction's mimic hues, —
A theme above th' embellishments of song.
Yet, deep on grateful memory's living tablet traced,
Your deeds can ne'er be thence by time or death effaced.

LINES.

HANDED TO THE MISSES H—S, NEAR THE CLOSE OF A DELIGHTFUL
TOUR OF TWO MONTHS, AS THEIR INVITED COMPANION.

I've journeyed long and far with friends
Long known and dearly prized before ;
Yet day by day, as on we fared,
I've learned to love and prize them more.

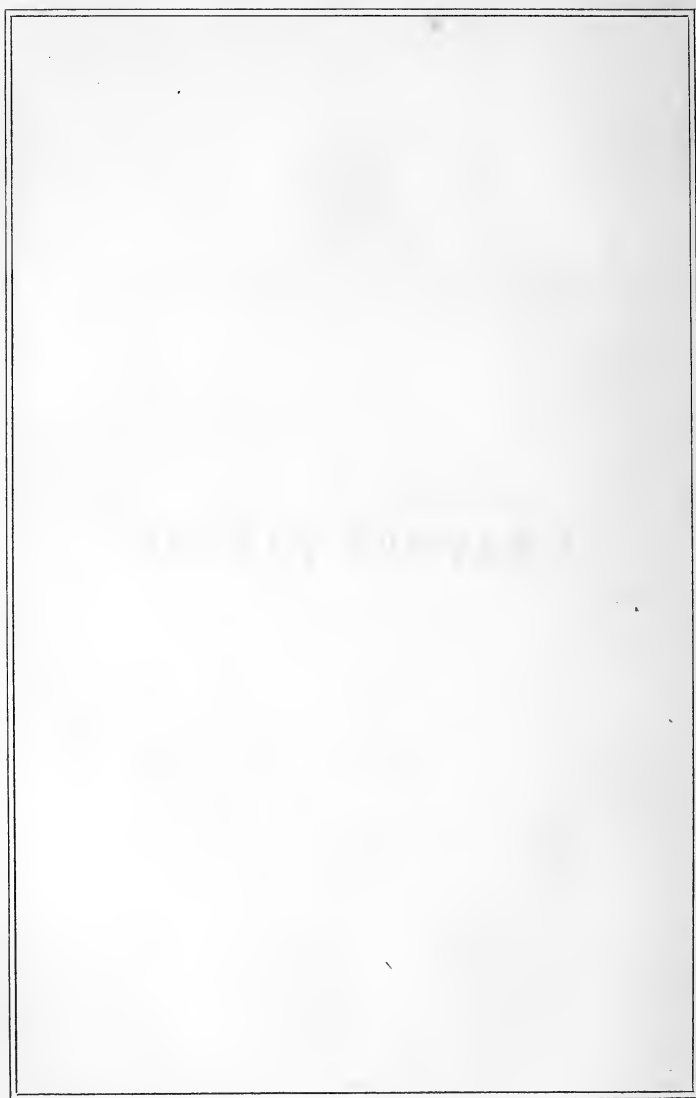
Full many a goodly sight I've seen,
By nature wrought or plastic art ;
Yet goodlier, lovelier far than all,
The worth and warmth of woman's heart.

On every shade mine eye hath dwelt,
That summer's living verdure hath ;
But fairer, brighter far than all,
The unfading green of woman's faith.

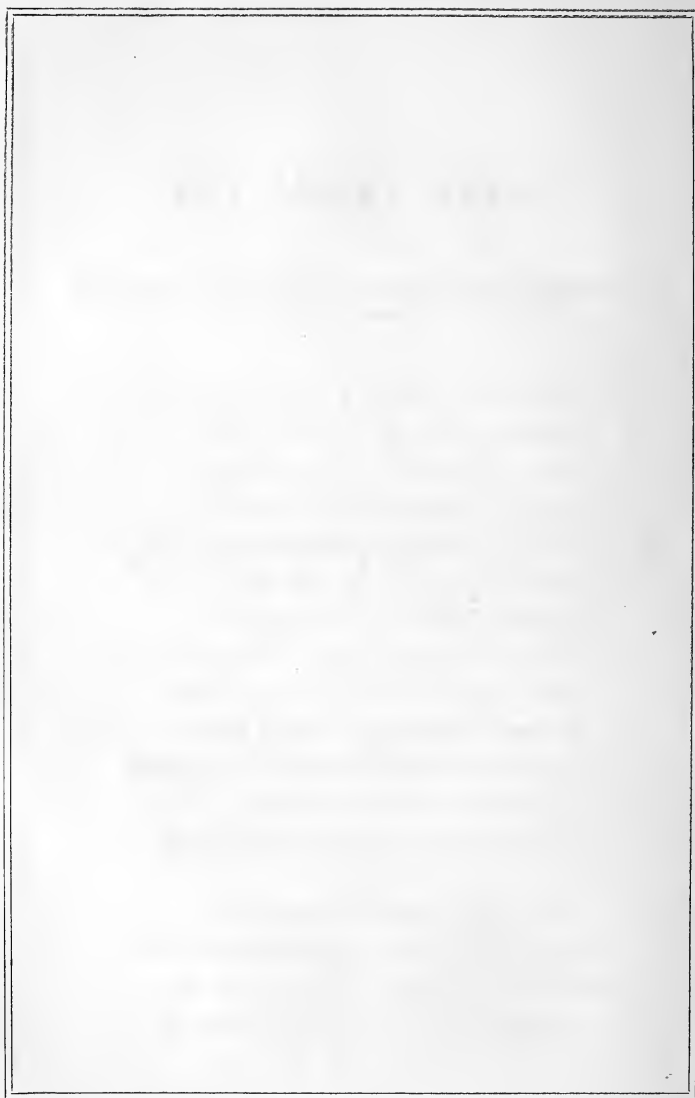
I've trode the mountain's loftiest height,
And seen earth's mightiest torrent roll ;
Yet greater, loftier far than these,
Her native nobleness of soul.

Wend where we may, this wondrous world
Hath charms, — yet charms that fade and die ;
But woman's kindness sheds o'er all
A charm outliving earth and sky.

TRENTON FALLS, NEW YORK, JULY, 1838.



AMATORY PIECES.



EPITHALAMIUM.

SENT TO THE AUTHOR'S BRIDE ELECT ON THE MORNING OF THEIR
WEDDING-DAY.

LONG since, beloved, I had hung my harp
Upon the willows, and, lamenting, said,
As to a living friend, " Companion dear
Of many a mirthful hour, whose ready tones
Were aye responsive to the blithesome chants
Of health, of youthful joy, and buoyant hope,
Reluctantly, alas ! I part with thee ; —
But health, and youthful joy, and buoyant hope,
Are fled, and I have need of thee no more
Till happier days return, — if e'er return
They may ; — for I will never teach thy strings
The plaintive melody of sad regret,
Nor drop upon them sorrow's sullying tears."

Thus said, I left it low suspended on
The willow's weeping bough, where lonely since
It has remained forlorn and mute, save when
Its strings, soft touched by beings of the air,

Complained, as one in grief for cold neglect
And slighted powers ; and thus, in fancy's ear,
At distance seemed to swell its low-breathed moans
In soothing concert with its owner's sighs.

To-day, with hand alert, and gladsome mien,
And pleasure-beaming eye, elate with hope,
I greet again my long-neglected lyre,
And wake its willing tones to hail with joy
The happy hour, that will confirm the vows,
That, unextorted, oft have fallen so true
From thy dear lips, beloved, and by which,
(Ere long to be repeated, ratified
And sealed before the holy man of God,)
We shall be bound for aye to cherish, aid
And love each other as a better self.

With gratitude sincere and warm I bless
That Being, all-beneficent, who blends to-day
Our persons, pleasures, interests, cares,
Our duties, hopes, and destinies, in one.
It is no primrose path we have to tread, —
Nor does my gloomy expectation paint
The way all thorns. We 're in a world where good
And ill are mixed. We 'll cull the fragrant flower,
And when refreshed, we 'll bless the Power who scents it ;

When wounded by the thorn, with sympathy
We 'll learn, and sweet affection, to extract
The smart. Thus, hand in hand through life we 'll go,
Its checkered scenes of joy and grief we 'll tread
With cautious steps; and while we mutual aim
With cheerful diligence to practice all
The virtues that become us, we may claim
With confidence the guidance of a hand
Unseen, that will not suffer us to err.

Thus may we hail this day with grateful joy,
As oft its glad return shall find us blest;
"Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long day of vernal life,
Enamored more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down we 'll sink in social sleep,
Together freed our *trusting* spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A ROSE GIVEN TO THE WRITER BY A BELOVED FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL rose ! let me beguile
My musing with the fond belief
That thou dost wear affection's smile,
And kindly looks, on thy fair leaf.

Thy blush, "celestial rosy red,"—
Time out of mind "love's proper hue,"
May not be so interpreted,
As telling what I would were true.

Yet were it true, it were no more
Than I have felt long time for her
Who plucked thee from her blooming store, —
A gift to her true worshiper.

She may not know how deep enshrined
Her image dwells in my lone breast, —
The idol of my waking mind, —
The dearest dream that haunts my rest.

Sweet flowers ! all fair and lovely things
Are her companions in my thought ; —
All my most blest imaginings
Are with her living presence fraught.

A friendship to my soul so dear, —
All pure from earthly passion's leaven, —
Though doomed to glow half hidden here,
Unblamed may all be told in heaven.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO THE BELOVED FRIEND, THE SUBJECT OF THE
PRECEDING.

THY sister's looks have seemed to chide
My frequent calls and lengthened stay ;
And oft in vain, alas ! I've tried
To tear and keep myself away.

Yes, dearest, gladly, if I might,
I would with thee forever dwell ;
I feel when near thee such delight,
I'm held as by some secret spell.

'Tis like no other joy I've known,
To hear thee speak — to see thee smile,
To walk or sit with thee alone,
And dream thou shar'st my bliss the while.

In thronged resort, if thou art there,
I see but thee of all the crowd ;
If thou 'rt away, with absent air,
I think of thee almost aloud.

If seen in hall or gay saloon,
I'm restless till I'm by thy side ;
Move where thou wilt, I follow soon,
Nor where thou 'rt not, can long abide.

Enough — if thou art near to me,
A sweet content pervades my breast ;
I need no word or look from thee, —
I'm where thou art, and there 's my rest.

My soul seems strangely linked to thine, —
I have no life apart from thee ;
O might I one day call thee mine,
What were the world beside to me ?

A love like mine, as truth sincere,
“ All pure from earthly passion's leaven,”
Thou 'lt own, when we're no longer here,
And be my angel-bride in heaven.

THE WIFE.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

THERE is a friend more dear than all
Who bear that cherished name,
That blends with friendship's gentle glow
Love's warmer, brighter flame, —
For man the choicest boon of life —
A tender, faithful, virtuous wife.

THERE is a treasure of more worth
Than heaps of hoarded gold, —
That brings to him a priceless dower —
A mine of wealth untold —
Who makes that prize his own for life ;
A prudent, hale, industrious wife.

THERE is a solace that can cheer
When other comforts fail, —
That can o'er grief and gloom and pain,
With soothing charm prevail,
And soften all the ills of life ;
A cheerful, pious, christian wife.

Such may she prove, for whom these lines

With friendly hand I trace ;

And he be worthy of the boon,

Whose home she deigns to grace —

Blest in his lot to find a wife,

His solace, treasure, friend for life.

SONG.

FOR MAY MORNING IN MARYLAND.

O the blithe halcyon hours, when the apple-trees bloom,
And softly the zephyrs come freighted at morn
With songs from the groves, and with mingled perfume
From the orchards and hedges of sweet-scented thorn.

'T is then that the joys of our childhood return,
And we dream o'er again the bright dreams of our youth ;
Fair visions awake from fond memory's urn —
Of young beauty and love linked to goodness and truth.

O, then, if we hear but the note of the bird
That carolled near by, while we mused and were blest, —
It recalls all we felt, all we saw, all we heard,
And the bliss of life's morning re-visits the breast.

As yearly returns the soft season of love,
The May-day of hope and of vernal delight, —
We will hail the glad hours, as a pledge that above
A spring time awaits us, no winter can blight.

BALTIMORE, MAY, 1826.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO THE ROBIN.

WELCOME, sweetest woodland warbler,
Welcome to our groves again ;
Spring's sure herald, — timid stranger,
Near my cottage door remain.

Oft at evening near my window
Unmolested sit and sing ;
While afar thy notes shall echo,
Wafted on the zephyrs' wing.

When the dewy twilight glimmers,
Slowly breaking in the east,
Let thy matin song delight me —
Fresh from balmy sleep released.

Hither lure thy loved companion, —
Here indulge your harmless loves, —
Here your tender pledges cherish,
Till their music cheers the groves.

When at length the chilly autumn
Bids you wing your flight away,
Safe I 'll guard your little mansion
Till you come again with May.

LINES.

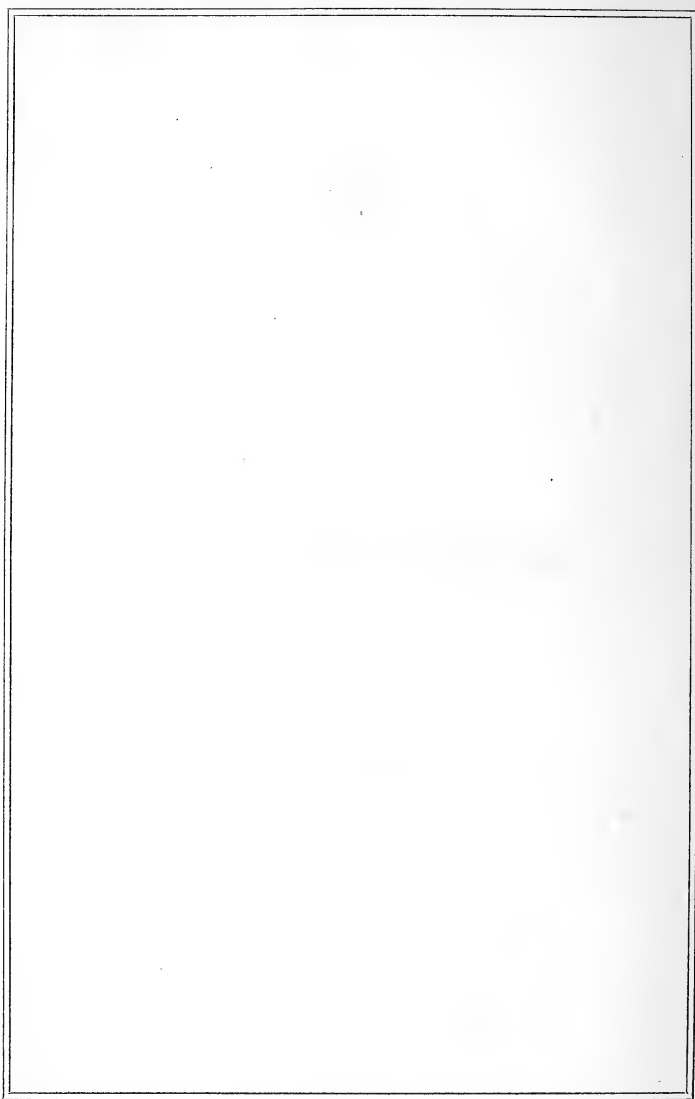
WRITTEN IN MY NIECE'S ALBUM—1824.

IN their albums I'm often entreated to write,
By nymphs so bewitching I cannot resist ;
While their sweet pretty books seem my pen to invite,
E'en just as their lips seem to ask to be kissed.

But their albums, without so bespangled and fine,
Have all borrowed matter, or nothing, within ;—
So in ten of their owners, I wot there are nine,
All whose charms are summed up in their shape and their skin.

The fox in the fable they bring to my mind,
Who thus quizzed a fine mask, which, when prying about
In a mask-maker's work-shop, he happened to find —
“ O beautiful head ! but the brains are left out.”

Be wiser, dear Mary ; and while your outside
You render attractive and fair to the sight,
Replenish your mind with the charms that abide,
When outward attractions have taken their flight.



CHARITY OCCASIONS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Held at the
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October 1-5, 1914

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CARD OF INVITATION.

A CARD OF INVITATION TO THE LADIES' FAIR TO RAISE FUNDS FOR
THE SUPPORT OF AN INFANT SCHOOL.

COME, all ye rich bachelors, come to the fair, —
Since the fair, you know, can't, or must not, go to you ;
O miss not a chance, so inviting and rare,
To win ladies' smiles, and get love-tokens, too.

O come, with your pocket-books lined with bank bills, —
For the fair cannot speed nor be sped without money ;
Sweet charity, too, her kind purpose fulfills
Without it as ill as a hive without honey.

Even sweet matrimony a punning divine
Calls a matter of money ; and lately, 't is said,
Hymen few wounded hearts has to heal at his shrine,
But Mammon first gilt Cupid's shafts ere they sped.

'T is to bless little children we ask you to buy ;
Every purchase you make will be doing a deed
Upon which the good angels will smile from on high,
For it is for their own infant charge that we plead.

Come, fathers and brothers, then, come to the fair, —
For your spouses and sisters a present take home ;
Buy something 't will please them to keep or to wear ;
Both for love and for charity's sake you will come.

Love and charity both lend their aid to the fair ;
They 're one, as your ministers often are telling, —
Or if not, they 're twin sisters, a heaven-born pair —
And they 'll bless you for buying, as they prompt us to
selling.

Come, matrons and maidens, bid off our fine things ;
Some, like dandies, are made to be looked at, not handled ;
Some for use, some for none — like your nobles and kings,
Some for toys — such as dolls, by your pets to be dandled.

O think not the prices we ask are too high, —
To sell at good prices the soul of free trade is ;
And our goods, being all manufactured near by,
Must at least be *dear-bought* to be fit gifts for ladies.

Besides, to depend on productions exotic
Is slavish and base, and 't is right to resist 'em ;
Buy our home manufactures and be patriotic ;
To help us is to aid the American system.

If we may not in wealth, in fine houses and streets,

In their mall and their beaux, with our neighbors compare,—

If all we now offer a good market meets,

Old Salem can match them at least with her fair.

CARD OF INVITATION.

A CARD OF INVITATION TO THE LADIES' SALE HELD FOR THE BENEFIT
OF DESTITUTE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF SEAMEN.

O HEARKEN ! ye owners of wealth brought from far, —
Whose ships have been sailed by the hard-working tar ;
To the call of your wives and your daughters give heed, —
For the seaman's lone widow and orphans they plead.

A voice from the ocean comes mournful and low, —
'T is the plaint of the sailor — his death-cry of woe ;
Midst the roar of the surge and the rush of the gale,
Is heard his last prayer and his heart-piercing wail.

“ O God ! whom the winds and the billows obey, —
They have come at thy bidding to call me away ;
'T is thy summons I hear in the storm and the wave,
And the ocean-depths show me my fathomless grave.

Ere my spirit, expelled from its mansion of clay,
Returns to its haven of rest, far away,
It calls to its Father once more with the voice
In which it no more shall lament or rejoice.

Thy kindness I've known on the land and the sea, —
In all oceans and climes I've been guarded by thee ;
All perils I've braved, fain to toil and to roam
For the wife and the dear ones that loved me at home.

Though small was the portion that fell to my share
Of the rich-laden barks I have sailed, on hard fare,
Yet I cheerfully toiled, and all hardships I bore —
For the sake of the dear ones that loved me on shore.

And now I must leave them to struggle alone,
While my death in their grief and distress they bemoan ;
For their oft-welcomed sailor shall never greet more
The wife and the dear ones that loved him on shore.

'Tis for them that I grieve I must sink in the wave ;
O God of the widow and fatherless, save, —
O save them from want, — let them share in the gains
I have earned for the rich by my toils and my pains.

O God of the mariner, hear my last prayer ; —
To the haven above bid my spirit repair ; —
In the ark of thy mercy appoint me a berth,
Next in place to the dear ones that loved me on earth."

He said — and the ship, plunging deep in the wave,
Whelmed the mariner's corse in its fathomless grave.

Yet the roar of the surge and the rush of the gale
Still echo his death-cry and heart-piercing wail.

Then hearken, ye owners of wealth brought from far,
Whose ships have been sailed by the hard-working tar ;
To the call of your wives and your daughters give heed, —
For the seaman's lone widow and orphans they plead.

They have toiled for the mourners the mariner loved ;
Come, buy what they've wrought, with like charity moved ;
You but cancel a debt, that is justly their due,
Whose husbands and sires have brought fortunes to you.

HYMN.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEAMEN'S WIDOWS AND ORPHANS
SOCIETY.

WHEN on his lonely watch by night,
The seaman marks his guiding star,
It minds him of a dearer light —
The hearth-light of the faithful tar.

Sweet thoughts come o'er his manly heart, —
Of her to whom that heart was given,
When she became his better part —
The star to light his path to heaven.

And dear to both, before him rise
The prattlers he has left at home, —
For whom beneath tempestuous skies
He braves the angry billows' foam.

Nor does he shrink from duty's call
In threatening peril's darkest hour ; —
He trusts in Him who cares for all,
Who wakes the storm, and bounds its power.

Yet, as the guerdon of his pains,
While rich men's wealth he wafts from far,
Small is the pittance of their gains
Allotted to the toil-worn tar.

And when in sickly clime he sinks,
Or sleeps, uncoffined, in the deep, —
Dying, of loved ones left he thinks,
And left in want alone to weep.

O, not in want, nor yet alone,
Shall they be left to mourn the dead ;
Their claims the seaman's friends shall own,
And give them sympathy and bread.

HYMN.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1840.—THE CHRISTIAN
MARINER.

WHEN loud the midnight tempest roaring,
Lifts on high the ocean waves,
The intrepid seaman — God adoring —
Calmly every danger braves.

No perils of the deep can daunt him,
While he makes his God his trust,
And has no deeds of guilt to haunt him —
All whose ways are true and just.

What though the pangs of death assail him,
Sinking in the sickly clime?
He has a hope, that cannot fail him,
Piercing through the veil of time.

He hears the billows' angry dashing
Booming o'er the reefy shoal;
And midst the lightnings round him flashing,
Stays on God his tranquil soul.

He knows the Power that can deliver
Will deliver if 't is best ;
And unto Him, its guard and giver,
Yields his spirit and is blest.

'T is ours his orphaned charge to cherish, —
Ours his widowed one to cheer ;
The goods, that in the using perish,
May be stored in heaven here.

HYMN.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1841.

PROUDLY the gallant bark departs,
As conscious of her precious freight
Of merchant's wares and manly hearts, —
With buoyant hope and joy elate.

Swift o'er the ocean depths she flies
To seek her destined port afar ;
There traffics under sickly skies,
Where death o'ertakes the toil-spent tar.

Hand smitten after hand hath died,
Till half her hardy crew hath fled ;
Their place by stranger hands supplied, —
The living little reckon the dead.

She safe returns, with ample gain
To swell the merchant's golden store ; —
But all the wealth of earth were vain
Her buried seamen to restore.

Joy to the rich man's heart she brings, —
To widowed wives and orphans — woe.
For him she waves exultant wings ;
For these she droops her pennant low.

Lo, thus to differ, thou, O God,
The rich and suffering poor hast made,
That those, thus spared thy chastening rod,
May succor these, on whom 't is laid.

H Y M N .

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1842.

From landmen's freedom — landmen's ease,
From home and home's delights afar, —
On fragile bark, o'er treacherous seas,
Self-exiled roams the intrepid tar.

From wife's embrace and boding tears,
And happy children's household mirth, —
Chiding half sad his fond love's fears,
He hies him to his rocking berth.

He goes with loving heart to earn
For those he leaves, the means to cheer
His humble home, till his return
That home shall more than wealth endear.

So leaves the hardier parent bird
His mate to guard their callow brood ;
While seeking food the death-shot's heard
That lays him weltering in his blood.

Such oft the seaman's hapless fate ;
He to his home returns no more ; —
In grief and want his mourning mate
And orphans long his fate deplore.

God for the widowed bird takes care,
And feeds the younglings in their nest ;
He leaves to us the bliss to share
That makes the seaman's loved ones blest.

ODE.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1843.

HAPPY landsmen, ever free
From all hardships of the sea ;
Ye in quiet rest and sleep,
While the wild winds o'er you sweep.

Seamen no such slumbers know,
When the wild winds fiercely blow ; —
Darkling, land-locked, tempest-tost, —
All must wake, or all are lost.

Safe on land, and nightly housed,
Nor by watch nor breakers roused, —
Ye, with those ye love, sleep warm,
Reckless or of cold or storm.

Seamen, in their rocking berth,
Know no sweets of home or hearth ;
They must rouse at duty's call,
Wet or cold, in calm or squall.

Ye at will may rest or roam, —
Live in peace, and die at home ;
They must mount the ocean-wave —
Now their realm and next their grave.

Merchants, tradesmen, landsmen all, —
Think upon the seaman's thrall ; —
Pent up in his floating cell,
Who can half his hardships tell !

Merchant princes — such ye 're made
By the adventurous seaman's aid, —
Help the helpless ones he 's left,
Now of him, their help, bereft.

Tradesmen, 't is the seaman brings
All your rare and costly things ; —
Caterer to your gainful trade, —
Shall his orphans cry for bread ?

Landsmen all, your pittance give, —
Let the seaman's loved ones live ;
Far away he toiled and died ; —
Here ye still in peace abide.

HYMN.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1844.

O God ! thou holdest in thy hand
The chainless winds and ocean-waves
That waft brave hearts from land to land,
Or whelm them in their shroudless graves.

Thanks for the many safe returns
Of many a treasure-laden bark —
From every clime, where man sojourns
Or risks for gain the vital spark.

Wealth to the land — to many a home
A joy they bring no wealth can buy,
When fathers, brothers, lovers come, —
And “welcome home” glad voices cry.

Yet oft, O God ! there's no return
Of bark or gallant crew she bore ;
Too soon sad hearts the tidings learn
Of loved ones lost — their life-voyage o'er.

The wailing winds and murmuring surge
Tell of the dead to widowed ears,
And seem to sing the burial dirge
Of hopes whose light is quenched in tears.

O help, ye rich, the poor who grieve
For all that makes it life to live ; —
Their need constrains them to receive ; —
'Tis your more blessed lot to give.

HYMN.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1849.

LANDSMEN, who, born to wealth and ease,
In palaces at home abide,
O think what hardships on the seas
The men who sail your ships betide.

Though seas are smooth and breezes fair,
Perils to them are always nigh ;
They hear them in the brooding air, —
They see them in the lurid sky.

Your wealth, intrusted to their care,
You think you scarce can overrate ;
Yet they a richer venture bear, —
Each his dear life — a priceless freight.

When howls the storm, and all is dark,
Nor sleep nor shelter may they know ;
Their priceless venture in the bark
With yours must float, or sink below.

If in the foundering bark are lost
Your treasures, buried in th' abyss,
Rich funds are pledged to meet their cost,
And you no more their absence miss.

Yet long poor widowed hearts deplore
The lives that perished in the bark ;
Nor can earth's wealth their loss restore,
When once is quenched the vital spark.

Then, landsmen, born to wealth and ease,
Who safe and warm at home abide,
Think of the victims of the seas,
And for their widowed ones provide.

HYMN.

FOR THE RETURN OF THE SAME ANNIVERSARY, 1851.

SAD to the widowed listener's ear,
The night-blast brings the distant roar
Of ocean-billows, seeming near,
That boom along the wreck-strewn shore.

To her it tells anew the tale —
When with her orphans first she knew
Their sire had perished in the gale,
That spared nor foundering bark nor crew.

While sleeps her orphan charge, alone
She sits deep-pondering o'er the past,
And seems to hear th' expiring groan
Of him she mourns, borne on the blast.

Poor widowed one ! forlorn and lone,
In shivering want and speechless grief, —
E'en the bleak winds thy fate bemoan,
And seem to plead for thy relief.

Ye, who in happy homes abide,
Hear in the winds no fancied wail
Of sons or husbands, that have died
Mingling their death-groans with the gale ; —

To you the law of love assigns
The holy task to aid and cheer
The widow, who, in sorrow pines
For help her helpless ones to rear.

Of wealth her lost one helped to gain —
Well may his widow claim a share,
Nor for his orphans ask in vain
The boon your wealth so well can spare.

HYMN.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEAMAN'S ORPHAN AND CHILDREN'S
FRIEND SOCIETY, DECEMBER, 1846.

FATHER of the fatherless,
Thou dost hear the orphan's cry, —
Thou dost prompt and thou wilt bless
Every work of charity.

We, thy daughters, have been reared
From our birth to womanhood,
Blest with homes that love endeared, —
Love that ever sought our good.

As on us life's morning smiled,
We would have it dawn as fair
On the poor man's orphan child,
Heaven-directed to our care.

We would say, as Jesus said —
“ Let the little children come ; ” —
Orphans by bereavement made,
We 'll provide for them a home.

When afar the seaman dies,
From his home and loved ones here, —
We will heed and hush their cries,
We will dry the orphan's tear.

'T is our heavenly Father's will,
Of these little ones that none
Perish, or that want should kill
Buds of promise ere they 're blown.

Parents, brothers, sisters, all, —
Aid us in our work of love ;
Freely answer to our call ; —
God and conscience both approve.

HYMN.

FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN.

WE, fatherless and motherless —
A little orphan band —
The God of loving hearts would bless,
Who prompts the helping hand.

Of his dear Son we love to sing —
Whom he did kindly send
To be his chosen people's king,
His little children's friend.

Like his great Father, who is love,
He felt and cared for all,
And brought glad tidings from above —
Good news for great and small.

'T was he who all his followers taught
To love his God and theirs,
And that his smiles are to be sought
By alms-deeds joined to prayers.

From him they 've learned to love indeed ;
And at the orphan's call
They 've shown us pity in our need,
As he has done for all.

The God who hears the raven's cry
And timely succor sends,
Will still our little wants supply,
And bless the orphan's friends.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS, AT
IPSWICH, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

FATHER of lights ! all souls are thine ;
Thou kindest in each human form
The embryo mind — a spark divine —
That form t' illumine, guide and warm.

Dim in its breathing shrine of earth
Glimmers at first the infant ray,
Still slowly strengthening from its birth,
And brightening into mental day.

As yet a pure, unsullied guest,
Fostered by fond maternal care,
It basks in childhood's guileless breast,
Beneath a heavenly sun and air.

But soon 't is doomed to go its way
And make the pilgrimage of life
Midst paths that tempt the good to stray,
With lures to vice and ruin rife.

Then doth th' adventurous pilgrim need
Knowledge, that only they can give
Who from the book of life can read
Lessons by which the soul may live.

How blest the teacher's task — to guide
The young inquiring spirit right, —
To turn from sin its steps aside,
And train it for a home of light !

This arduous, God-like task be ours ; —
Father of lights, bless thou our toil ;
Foster the seed with heavenly showers, —
We plant it in immortal soil.

ODE.

FOR A CHARITY MEETING.

WOULDST thou, man, thy God resemble ?

Thou canst not be like in power, —

E'en though subject millions tremble

'Neath thy sceptre of an hour.

Nor can'st thou be like in knowing,

Since to knowledge there are bounds, —

All thy plummet's line still showing

Deeper seas and new profounds.

Show thy likeness, then, in loving

All who wear the form of man ;

And thy love by deeds approving —

Second Heaven's eternal plan.

God-like, then, thou soarest nearest

To thy Maker here below,

When a brother's heart thou cheerest —

Chilled with want or pierced with woe.

Wit but dazzles and bewilders ;
Tongues shall cease and art shall die ;
Thrones and empires and their builders
Shall in mingled ruin lie.
Time all earthly ties shall sever,
Save the mystic tie of love ;
Blest with love, our souls forever
Shall be joined in bliss above.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE CLOSE OF AN EVENING CHARITY SCHOOL FOR THE POOR.

THANKS to the Author of all wealth,
Who gives the plenteous store,
And makes the rich his almoners
To cater for the poor.

Thanks to the Fountain of all love,
Whose streams, meand'ring wide,
O'er sterile wastes and deserts pour
Their fertilizing tide.

Thanks to the charity that gives
Its time th' untaught to teach, —
And cheers the timid on to learn,
With bland and winning speech.

Thanks to the voice that bids the fall'n
Forsake the haunts of sin, —
And, opening wide the door of hope,
Invites the outcasts in.

Prosper, O God, the work of love,
Wherever well begun ;
O speed it on, till as in heaven —
Thy will on earth is done.

HYMN.

FOR REFORMED INEBRIATES.

GIVER of all good gifts to man !

'T is thine to give, by might within,
What outward might nor menace can, —
The will and strength to turn from sin.

Thou, who art love, by love dost reign
O'er all above and all below ;
Thy love lets down sweet mercy's chain —
To lift the fallen from guilt and woe.

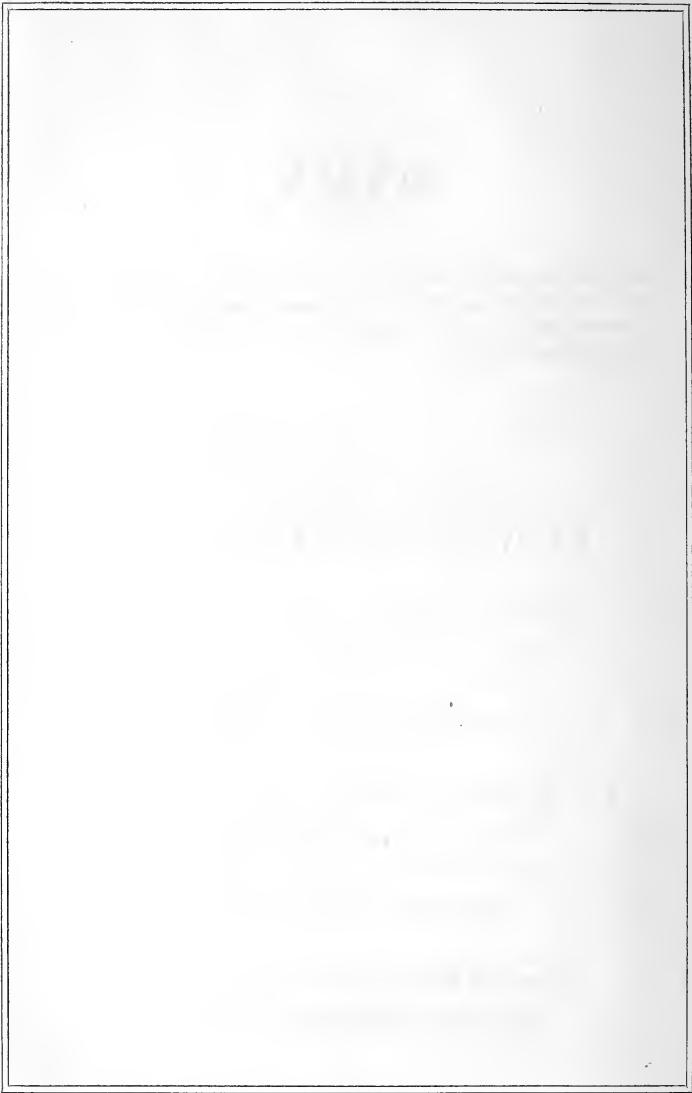
Persuasive love — not penal law —
Best works in man desired reform ;
As winter's frost and gloom withdraw
Before the sun, but brave the storm.

Thy love from lowest depths of vice
Hath millions back to virtue won, —
Touched by the bleeding sacrifice
And dying prayer of thy dear Son.

“Forgive them, Father ! who have sought
Brief solace from the insidious draught,
Nor of th’ unblest ingredient thought
That drugged the poisonous cup they quaffed.”

Thus pity learned from Christ to pray
For all by false delights betrayed ;
And grateful myriads bless the day
Their vows the plague of drunk’ness stayed.

FUNERAL PIECES.



HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION IN SALEM OF THE SIMULTANEOUS DEATHS OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON, EX-PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

As sinks the sun — serenely bright,
And calmly ends a glorious day, —
So to their rest in radiant light,
The sage and patriot pass away.

Though set the stars — their country's guide —
That led her through her stormiest night,
That shone in peace, their country's pride, —
We but resign a borrowed light.

Together at thy bidding, Lord,
They rose to meet their country's need —
Together long their radiance poured —
Together passed the goal decreed.

The God who gives and takes away,
Has but the lights he lent removed ;

We to the illustrious dead but pay
The tribute due for gifts improved.

Not unto man, but to thy name,
The solemn, grateful hymn we raise ;
The great, the wise, go whence they came ;
Thine, Lord of all, thine be the praise.

DIRGE.

SUNG AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES IN SALEM, IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON, APRIL 19, 1841.

FALL'N is our country's laureled head, —
Gone to his home of glorious rest, —
Living how loved, how mourned when dead,
A stricken nation's tears attest.

His plumed helm and battle shield,
That screened the chieftain's lion heart
In many a hard-fought, deadly field,
Were vain when death had aimed his dart.

The civic wreath affection wove,
That late adorned his radiant brow,
Which there to bind fond myriads strove,
Lies withered with its wearer now.

Lo, sorrowing crowds have met again,
Where late they met in joyous cheer, —
To swell the woe-struck, weeping train,
That follows sad the warrior's bier.

Solemn and slow the pomp moves on,
And veteran cheeks are stained with grief; —
Virtue deplores her vot'ry gone;
Religion mourns the sainted chief.

And “dust to dust” hath now been said,
And closed the tomb, where, deaf to fame,
The patriot's shrouded corse is laid, —
His spirit fled to whence it came.

We own, O God, thy righteous sway;
Thou 'rt love, and all thou do'st is just;
'T is thine to give and take away, —
Ours to submit, adore, and trust.

EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF THE WRITER'S FATHER, JAMES FLINT, WHO DIED IN
READING, SEPTEMBER, 1802, AGED 78.

BENEATH this marble mouldering lie
The relics of a meek good man,
Who let no day pass useless by, —
Who closed it well, as he began.

Fixing his aims and hopes on high,
He sought by faith and daily prayer
To walk with God, in Christ to die —
And rise through him salvation's heir.

Firm in this hope and blest belief,
He longed to wake from life's sad dream ;
And, lo ! at length, a ripened sheaf —
He 's gathered to the Great Supreme.

LINES.

INSCRIBED UPON THE MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF MY EARLIEST
AND BEST-LOVED FRIEND, THE REV. TIMOTHY FLINT, WHO DIED AT
READING, AUGUST 16, 1840, AGED 60.

HE painted on his glowing page
The peerless valley of the west :
That shall to every coming age
His genius and his toils attest.

But wouldst thou, gentle pilgrim, know
What worth, what love endeared the man ?
This the lone hearts that miss him show
Better than storied marble can.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY D. JENKS; WRITTEN THE NIGHT AFTER
HER FUNERAL.

Now silent and dark is the desolate dwelling,
Where so lately its pride in her loveliness dwelt;
While my grief for her loss to the stars I've been telling,
I have thought in my grief they a sympathy felt.

As I've watched their bright orbs through the firmament
coursing,
They have seemed to look down with a smile on my tears,
And point to her glorified spirit discoursing
In bliss with the blest in their radiant spheres.

Though in bliss, yet we cannot forbear to regret her,
So much did we love her and cherish her worth;
And the friends that have known her can never forget her,
While the good and the true are remembered on earth.

The joys I in hope from the future had borrowed,
With one who for all had such kindness in store,

Have all vanished in tears, while in silence I sorrowed
That her face I should see and her voice hear no more.

Full oft have I sat by my window, delighted,
As if bound by a spell of enchantment to hear,
When her voice with her instrument sweetly united,
My soul to entrance while she ravished my ear.

No more shall I hear her, my spirit delighting,
Carol forth her gay song or her anthem of praise ;
Henceforth her glad spirit, with seraphs uniting,
Hymns seraphic shall chant to the Ancient of Days.

Yet long shall we mourn her kind spirit departed,
And miss her glad smile and her tear for distress ;
And must grieve that so early the true and warm-hearted
Should be severed from those whom her presence could bless.

But what is our sorrow to his, the sad owner
Of the once happy home, now bereft of its pride ?
If we grieve, who but guests or as neighbors have known her,
Alas for the mourner, who weeps for his bride !

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. M. G. ENDICOTT.—MARCH, 1833.

Nec purior anima, nec melior, ad cœlicolas a terra decessit.

IN the bright morning of thy loveliness
And dewy freshness of thy youth, I saw
Thy look and port of native nobleness,
Chastened with serious thought and pious awe,
As thou didst kneel to pray in early quest
Of wisdom's ways, that lead to heavenly rest.

And I have marked how steadfastly thy feet
Those ways have kept ; as in thy maiden prime,
So through all changes wrought by changeful time,
No joy, as doing good, to thee so sweet.
Wife, mother, friend, and christian, each in thee
Shone with a lustre angels joy to see.
Faith now beholds thy spirit, robed in stainless white,
Forevermore made perfect with the saints in light.

OBITUARY.

[Died at his residence in Boston, on the 26th of November, 1847, RICHARD D. HARRIS, Esq. for many years treasurer of the city. He was a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1802; a gentleman of sterling worth, greatly respected by his fellow citizens and endeared to a large circle of friends by his many virtues, his liberal spirit and warm affections. The following lines were prompted by the regard for his memory of a class-mate, who, in common with many other members of the class, recalls to grateful remembrance many delightful hours they have passed together, to the pleasures of which his cheerful presence always largely contributed.]

THOU from our lessening circle, too, art gone,
HARRIS! beloved and held in warm esteem
For worth we dearly miss, when 't is withdrawn;
Thou, too, hast crossed death's dark, oblivious stream.
Thy pleasant humor and thy modest sense,
Thy well-used faculties without pretence
Of genius or the loftier gifts of mind,
Were blessings to thy friends; for true and kind
They ever found thee, — to thy public trust
Faithful, as to the claims of kindred just.
No more thou 'lt sit, alternate host and guest
At the convivial board, where oft we met
As brothers; — nor thy absence shall we long regret,
Since we 're all nearing fast our common home of rest.

H Y M N .

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION OF HARMONY GROVE CEMETERY, SALEM,
JUNE 23, 1840.

FROM thee, O God, our spirits come,
Enshrined in breathing clay, —
Mysterious guests, not here at home,
Nor destined long to stay.

Nature from her maternal breast,
Nurtures the living frame, —
Till, summoned hence, the stranger guest
Returns to whence it came.

When of its life-guest dispossessed,
Th' appointed goal attained,
Her bosom folds in dreamless rest
The form her fruits sustained.

Be these sequestered haunts, of mound
And slope, of dell and glade,
Approached henceforth as hallowed ground,
Where life's pale wrecks are laid.

Yet o'er these wrecks in loveliness
These scenes shall yearly bloom, —
Type of the soul's ethereal dress,
Heaven-wrought beyond the tomb.

O why then mourn that dust to dust²
And earth² to earth is given?
'Tis but the spirit's second birth, —
Its coronal for heaven.

Though dear the dust that once was warm
With life the spirit gave,
We dote not on the perished form
That moulders in the grave.

We yield the body to its doom —
The dust in dust to lie, —
Yet we may deem beside the tomb
The spirit hovering nigh.

And oft our steps shall linger near,
Till death the veil remove,
And kindred spirits, sundered here,
Be joined in deathless love.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE WALNUT GROVE CEMETERY,
NORTH DANVERS, JUNE 23, 1844.

PEACEFUL and pleasant be the bourne,
Where life's pale wrecks are laid to rest,
And green the graves of those we mourn,
By hands of love in beauty dressed.

Though for a time stern winter's blast
Strew them with leaves all sere and dead,
Soon as his cold, bleak reign, is past,
Let spring-flowers deck each lowly bed.

We loved the living form to see,
Clad in its fairest vestments shine ;
Let still their earth-robe beauteous be,
Whose souls are robed in light divine.

Though from th' insensate dust hath flown
The spirit, once its wondrous guest,
Still to that dust we kindred own,
And near it trust that ours may rest.

Spirits, that love hath made as one,
 Though death awhile divide them here, —
Death shall unite — life duties done —
 Each made to each by death more dear.

Though long may seem the sad, slow years,
 Till mourners with the mourned shall meet,
God then shall wipe away all tears,
 And perfect love their bliss complete.

MISCELLANEOUS.



SONG.

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE PEACE FESTIVAL IN EAST BRIDGE-
WATER, FEBRUARY 28, 1815.—*Tune, Yankee Doodle.*

Now peace returns to bless our land,
'Tis meet that we be merry,
And, taking each his glass in hand,
Dull care in bumpers bury.

CHORUS.

Then let the festal hall resound,
“ 'Tis meet that we be merry,”
And while the bottle circles round,
Dull care in bumpers bury.

To give our mirth and wine a zest,
And greatly stir our spirits,
We 'll toast our great and little men,
And briefly sing their merits.

Four men in turn have stood at helm,
To steer the ship of state, sir,
And each has given us cause of mirth —
The little and the great, sir.

First, Washington — illustrious chief —
The glory of our nation —
Spread gladness through our happy land,
And nobly filled his station.

Next, Adams came ; and for a while
We gloried in his worth, sir, —
But, “ shrivelled in his latter end,”
His folly was our mirth, sir.

Next came shrewd *Tom*, with breeches red,
And philosophic budget
Of costly whims — he fain would try,
Since congress did not grudge it.

The budget oped, and out there flew
A motley gun-boat cargo —
Of horned frogs, dry docks, salt hills,
Non-intercourse, embargo.

He tried his whims and cost us dear —
In hatching folly’s brood, sir ;
Much food for mirth his whimses made,
And that was all their good, sir.

When he had fairly set us out
Upon our *backward* motion,

He left the ship, disgraced and crazed
On freedom's stormy ocean.

His sage successor, taught by him,
Held on the same mad course, sir ;
Or, if he changed to please his crew,
'T was still from bad to worse, sir.

At length he filed a long account
Against old Johnny Bull, sir,
And swore he 'd have the whole amount,
Or take the legal pull, sir.

To law he went — his counsel fee'd —
And, chief, the Gallic leader —
Who left his client in the lurch,
His own bad cause to plead, sir.

He scolded, got and gave hard words,
But could not move old Bull, sir ;
So gave up debt, and costs and all,
And passed receipts in full, sir.

“Ye people who delight in war,”
Your merriment must cease now ;
For Janus shuts his temple door,
And all the world's at peace now.

God bless our land, and make us thrive,
And give the people wisdom —
That they may vote no more for men
Who have so basely quizzed 'em.

God guard old Massachusetts still,
And keep her firm and *Strong*, sir,
And let no *Dexterous tertium* quids
Direct the people wrong, sir.

Kind patience help us to endure
The reign of Jemmy through, sir,
And when he 's out we 'll have a *King**
Shall make us sing anew, sir ;

CHORUS.

And make the festal hall resound —
“ 'Tis meet that we be merry,”
And while the bottle circles round,
Dull care in bumpers bury.

* The Feds talked of the Hon. Rufus King for next President.

LINES.

SPRING UNENJOYED BY THE INVALID REMOTE FROM HOME;
WRITTEN DURING A VISIT OF THE AUTHOR TO THE SOUTH
FOR HIS HEALTH.

“—— vernal joy,
Able to drive all sadness but despair.” — MILTON.

SWEET vernal airs, and thou, heart-cheering May,
Why do I find me here so sad,
While in her flowery mantle clad,
Blithe nature bids all hearts be glad,
And hail with joy her annual holiday?

Airs of the south, fair month of song and flowers,
I've come a long and weary way
To meet you, where your earlier sway,
Beneath the sun's more genial ray,
Might lap my soul in bliss amid your bowers.

Yes, gentle airs, and smiling May, we've met.
I left pale winter's lingering train
Far north, upon my native plain,
Where Eurus, shivering from the main,
Waves his dark wings, with chilling moisture wet.

Sweet vernal airs, and joy-inspiring May,
I breathe your odors, pluck your flowers,
List to your songs in groves and bowers,
And greet at morn the rosy hours, —
Yet I am sad, while all things else are gay.

'Tis not sweet vernal airs, nor songs of May,
Nor the young verdure's gladdening smile,
Nor blooming bowers, vocal the while
With melody, that can beguile
The stranger's gloom, whose home is far away.

Though vernal airs, with every charm of spring
And kindest welcome meet me here,
I miss the smiles, that always cheer,
The voice of love, the joys so dear,
That keep at home, nor roam with vagrant wing.

Domestic bliss, through all the circling year
Breathes sweets surpassing vernal airs, —
An amaranthine wreath she wears, —
Her bowers the blast of winter spares,
And where she dwells perpetual spring is near.

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR FRIENDS AT SEA.

LORD of the winds and ocean's swell !
'T is thine, when angry tempests rave,
At will their fiercest rage to quell ;
'T is thine in peril's hour to save.

In sickly climes, when tainted airs
Breathe in each breeze infection's breath,
A charmed life the voyager bears,
Who makes thine arm his shield from death.

In port, or bounding o'er the deep,
For friends away we make our prayer ;
Each loved one, Lord, in safety keep,
Committed to thy guardian care.

'Mid favoring gales and skies serene,
O keep them mindful still of thee !
So in each dark and fearful scene,
Of them thy love shall mindful be.

Havened at home — the dark abyss
Of waters passed — all perils o'er,
Give us to know the full, glad bliss,
Of friends long severed met once more.

Then with united heart and voice
We 'll wake th' exulting hymn of praise ;
And evermore in thee rejoice,
Our Sun and Shield, in all our ways.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO LAMARTINE.—MAY 20, 1848.

HAIL to the man of great ideas ! great
In his ideal of a self-ruled state ;
Great in himself, — formed by and for his time ; —
Not skilled alone “to build the lofty rhyme,” —
But wise in council to restrain and guide
Th’ impetuous out break of the long-pent tide
Of scorn, impatient of a despot’s sway ;
Now rampant, likening to a storm-vexed sea
The myriad hosts of Frenchmen, once more free,
Shouting o’er kingcraft fallen, from that proud day.
Be yet the noble task, so well begun,
Of rearing a republic great and free,
Achieved by him, the patriot bard, and he
Be hailed by France a second Washington.

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER ! thy mercies never fail ;
Again the evening shades prevail, —
And, soothed, I hear the still, small voice,
That bids me in thy care rejoice.

Beneath thy sun's all-cheering ray
I've plied my task another day ;
And thrice my strength refreshed hath been
With food, and converse sweet between.

Thy works, all beautiful and good,
I've scanned and partly understood ;
Clothed in their livery of light,
All speak thy wisdom, love, and might.

When darkness veils the earth and skies,
New worlds and wonders o'er me rise,
That tell, in words of flame from far,
How vast, how bright thy glories are.

Kept by thine all-sustaining power,
I welcome now the solemn hour

That comes my weary lids to close,
And lay me down to sweet repose.

Wrapt in the soft embrace of sleep,
Let angel guards their vigils keep
About my bed, and be my rest
With holy dreams and visions blest.

While my tired frame in mimic death
Lies motionless, save pulse and breath,
Let my free spirit heavenward fly,
And, without dying, learn to die.

HYMN.

THE BEATITUDES.—MATTHEW V : I.

HAPPY the unrepining poor ;
For them the heavenly rest is sure,
Whose patient minds, in every ill,
Submissive meet their Maker's will.

Happy the contrite, who lament
Their wasted hours in sin misspent ;
Reclaimed from sin, they shall obtain
Eternal joys for transient pain.

Happy the meek, by wisdom taught
To check each proud, resentful thought ;
For them earth spreads the feast of life,
Unmixed with bitterness or strife.

Happy the souls that grow in grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
For them a full and rich supply
Shall be prepared in worlds on high.

Happy the men who mercy show
To all that need, or friend or foe ;
To them like mercy shall be shown,
When God's just sentence all shall own.

Happy the pure in heart ; for they,
Still holding on in virtue's way,
When faith and hope are changed to sight,
Shall see their God in cloudless light.

Happy the men of peaceful life,
Who win to peace the sons of strife ;
They shall be called the sons of God —
The heirs of his serene abode.

And happy those who take the cross, —
For truth encounter pain and loss,
And suffer shame for Christ their Lord ;
For great in heaven is their reward.

HYMN.

FOR RURAL EXCURSION OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.—SUNG AT THE TABLE.
AUGUST 2, 1842.

HERE, like the birds that wander free,
Warbling their woodland lays,
We, heavenly Father, sing to thee
Our grateful song of praise.

The happy minstrels of the air —
That on thy bounty live,
With songs repay thy loving care, —
'Tis all that they can give.

But we can give the loving heart,
And lift our thoughts above, —
Can read that thou our Father art,
And feel that thou art love.

A table in the wilderness
Of old thy bounty spread,
When manna dropped the tribes to bless
That cried to thee for bread.

For us kind friends a feast prepare —
 Beneath this wild-wood shade ;
Nor better could thy children fare —
 Whose food the manna made.

Never, like them, may we be heard
 To murmur or repine ;
Still may we heed thy holy word,
 And form our wills to thine.

H Y M N .

AFTER RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.—JUNE, 1830.

FROM morn to night, from night to morn,
In helpless languor while I lay,
With fever scorched and anguish torn,
What, O my soul, sustained thee, say?

Sweet was the voice of love long-tried,
That watched beside my pillow now,
And sweet the cooling draught, supplied
By hands that bathed my burning brow.

And welcome through the weary day,
Th' inquiries made by many a friend;
And dear their gifts, that came to say —
They wished the ease they could not send.

But sweeter far than earthly love,
Dearer than friendship's kindly aid,
The succor sent me from above,
When unto God my prayer I made.

The thought that He, my help, was near,
And only frowned my faith to try,
Balm to my heart with every tear,
And peace conveyed with every sigh.

From morn to night, from night to morn,
In helpless languor while I lay,
With fever scorched and anguish torn,
God, O my soul, God was thy stay.

LINES.

PARTING WORDS TO MY ELDEST SON, GOING ABROAD TO RESIDE.
APRIL, 1835.

RECEIVE, my son, thy father's blessing,
Though thou hast often grieved his love ;
The thought to him were most distressing,
Shouldst thou of him forgetful prove.

I've daily toiled for thee, and nightly
Have oft my rest foregone and sleep,
That thy life's early morn might brightly
O'er thy young steps its tenor keep.

Thus far I've cherished and maintained thee
With cares and pains to thee unknown ;
All that has nurtured and sustained thee,
Has from thy parents' fondness flown.

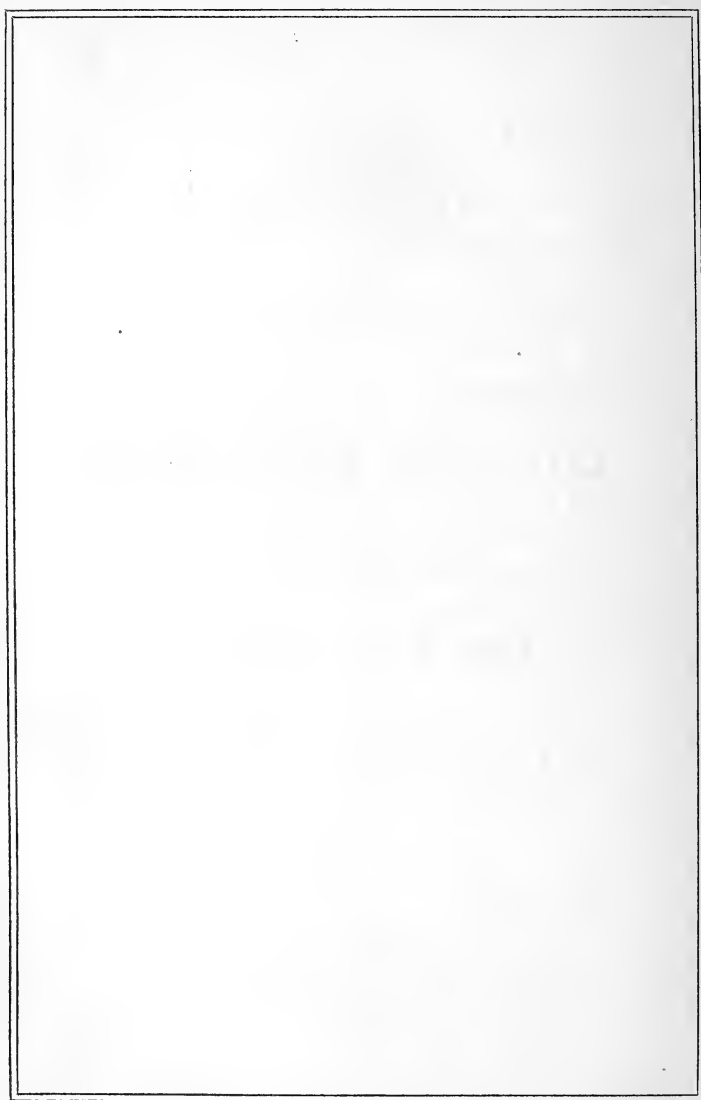
To dwell with strangers now thou 'rt going,
Far from the home thou 'st shared so long,
Where thou hast learned — most worth thy knowing —
How to discern the right from wrong.

For all I've done to rear and aid thee,
I no return desire beside —
But that thou fear the God who made thee,
And make his word thy constant guide.

When swiftly o'er the deep thou 'rt driven,
And tempest-tost from wave to wave, —
My prayer for thee shall rise to heaven —
To Him whose arm alone can save.

Or when the lures of vice assail thee,
My prayer shall rise more fervent still,
That his protection may not fail thee,
Against the foes that smile to kill.

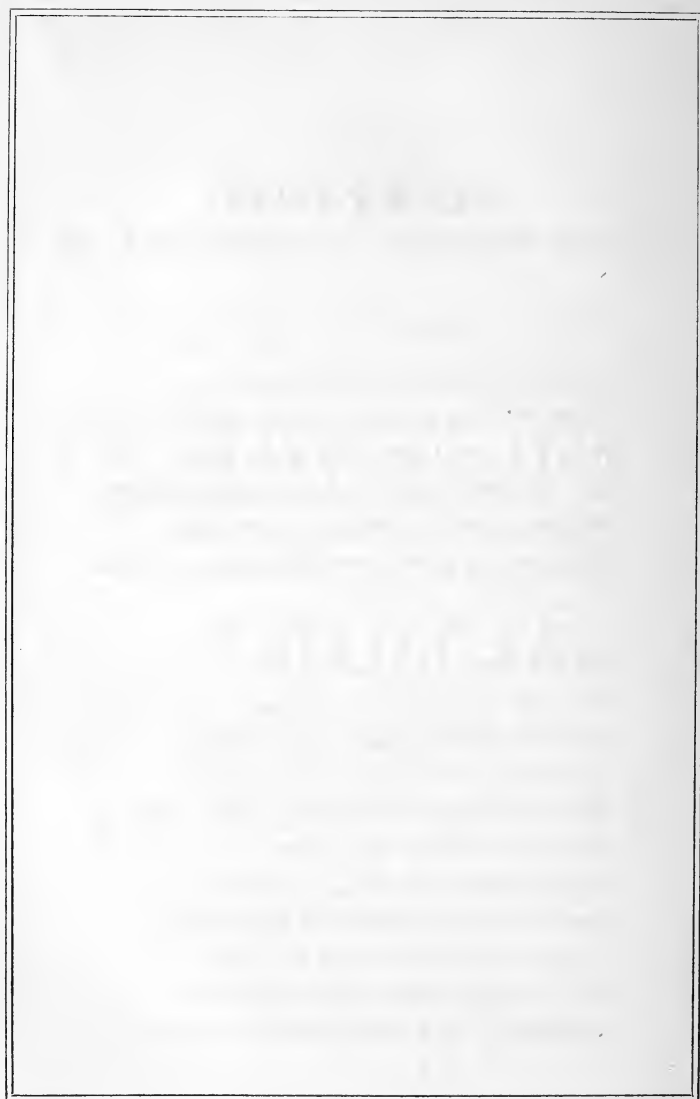
Farewell, my son, and Heaven shield thee,
Till we may meet again in joy ;
For all the pleasures earth can yield thee,
O, barter not thy soul, my boy.



COLLEGE EXERCISES

AND

TRANSLATIONS.



DECEPTION:

OR, FALSE APPEARANCES.—AN EXHIBITION POEM.—1802.

Decipimur specie recti.—Hor.

To trace the wily mazes of deceit, —
Pursue and drag to light the coward cheat, —
Strip off the tinsel guise, that falsely glares,
And show what shapes the Protean monster wears,
My muse, in rude and tuneless rhyme essays,
And sues your pardon, more than hopes your praise.

Turn where we will, to elevate or low,
Life still presents us a deceitful show.
Few value virtue for her real charms,
But for the profit, as the rich their farms;
And men's chief end is not to be, but seem
What most may win the wayward world's esteem.
Hence dark dissimulation's mimic race,
Supplied, like Janus, with a double face,
One they assume a screen from being known,
To ape a character that's not their own;
The other shows them truly as they are, —
Which last, I ween, the wizards seldom wear.

But see, where, all pretence, with mock parade,
They crowd the scene — a motley masquerade.
There the plump dean, with scarf and surplice graced,
Forbids all carnal joys — then turns to taste.
At undone damsels rails the envious prude,
Who ne'er was frail, because she ne'er was wooed ;
The worn-out belle, no more the reigning queen,
Sings psalms and prays and goes to church — from spleen.
While there, in secret loathes the pious toil,
And “ casts a longing, lingering look,” at Hoyle.
She grieves to find there is no way to heaven
More smooth and pleasant than repentance given.
The widowed fair, whose spouse the fates destroy,
Puts on the decent veil — to hide her joy ;
And, while she pays those rites the dead require,
Lights a new passion at the funeral pyre.
There slaves to fashion miserably feign
A face of pleasure, with a heart of pain ;
There beardless boys in mimic caucus mix,
To show where statesmen err in politics.

The canting hypocrite full length we paint,
A week-day sinner, now a Sunday saint.
With what solemnity of gait and face
He walks the temple of the God of grace !
Behold him there, devout, with lifted eyes,

His bosom bursting with half-stifled sighs ;
 With deep contrition's seeming bows his head
 Upon a cushion for the purpose spread ;
 And there his handkerchief applies to steep
 In precious tears the christian sheds — asleep.

Next comes a deep dissembler, smooth and bland, —
 “Your friend and loving servant to command.”
 He tenders all the hand and cordial squeeze ;
 In kind professions liberal as the breeze.
 He courts your love with many a winning wile,
 And smiles and fawns and flatters to beguile.
 Haply some simple maid in guileless youth,
 Hears him and fondly deems his tale is truth ;
 And, as a bird by serpent magic lured,
 Flits to the fatal spot to be devoured ;
 So, drawn by flattery's fascinating sway,
 She falls the insidious tempter's hapless prey.

The false, chameleon courtier, bred to art, —
 To mask each thought and motion of the heart, —
 Can hug the rival, whom he inly spurns,
 Smile to his face, and stab him as he turns.

Long anxious to be marked, in front has stood,
 A blustering son of spunk, yclept a blood ;

Of modern rise, a mixture strange and crude —
Of ape and hero — one of folly's brood ;
Born at the moon's dim wane, in fancy's dearth,
And dullness stood god-mother at his birth,
Who, as he grew, took care in time t' incase
His thick rotundity of skull in brass.
Armed with a massy club, surcharged with lead,
(Expressive emblem of the owner's head,)
And clad in mighty dread-naught,* lo ! he goes, —
Fearless to meet a host of winged foes,
To war with bees, and plunder poultry house ; —
In face a Cæsar, but in soul a mouse.

Vain were the wish to note each plausible cheat
That shelters vice or folly in deceit.
Some, wrapt in deep, inscrutable disguise,
Deceive alike the simple and the wise.
How hard for truth 'gainst such a world to strive, —
Where canting knaves and vizored villains thrive.
Who talk of virtue in the public ear,
In private fatten on the orphan's tear ; —
Crush the poor laborer with oppressive load,
And sweetly banquet on their brother's blood !
With serpent guile round artless beauty twine, —
Then make a wretch of her they called divine.

* Called by sober people a great-coat.

But where does conscience hold her court the while ?
 Why haunts she not these happy men of guile ?
 She 's doomed, unheard, in drowning draughts to steep,
 Or put, like babes when troublesome, to sleep.

Now turn we to those lovely cheats — the fair,
 Whose tongues, like charming echoes, hang in air ;
 Like echoes, too, untired for aye repeat,
 And, be it sense or nonsense, always sweet.
 The subtle serpent first instructed Eve,
 And she her docile daughters — to deceive.
 How shall unpracticed youth escape their wiles,
 Their bidden blushes and bewitching smiles ?
 The tender languor of the melting eye,
 The murderous ogle and the pensive sigh ;
 The veil thrown back, by artful accident ;
 The neck, like lilies, languishingly bent ;
 The counterfeited fright, when naught alarms,
 To faint and fall into a favorite's arms ;
 The skillful conduct of the airy fan, —
 And nameless other snares to entangle man.

Nanette, though full of love, affects disdain,
 And plays the tyrant with her silly swain.
 But let her slave obsequious suit forbear,
 And menace marriage with some kinder fair —

The sweet relenter cries, in blushes dressed,
“Stay, Damon, I was only coy in jest.”
Gay Kitty, conscious of her outside grace,
And all the magic of a pretty face,
Learns the long chapter of her sex’s arts,
Then plays them off, to steal her gazers’ hearts.
Jack wants a rib ; he sees, admires, and sighs, —
He woos the goddess, and obtains the prize.
He thanks the gods for such a fond, dear wife,
And dreams their mutual love will last through life.
But ere a second moon of bliss they prove,
His goddess scolds “the knell of parting love.”

Some violently love the warbling art,
Who scarce a harp and fiddle know apart ;
At concerts foremost in the boxes shine,
And cry in ecstasy, “O sweet ! divine !”
Like kittens in a void receiver, pant,
And only do not die, because — they can’t.
Yet all’s the same to them, “’t is most divine !”
Sweet Haydn’s airs, or creak of tavern sign.

Sincerity ! thou frank, ingenuous maid,
To whom my artless, infant vows were paid, —
Come, while thy soul sits smiling in thy face,
Diffusing o’er thy charms a living grace ;

Come from the rural vale and simple plain ;
Possess the bosom of the fair again.
Teach them to scorn the needless aid of art, —
To win with their own loveliness the heart ;
Learn men of guile to love thy rustic reed, —
Like Phillips,* make them Israelites indeed.

* At that time Lieutenant Governor.

METRICAL VERSION

OF CORINNA'S FAREWELL RHAPSODY.

My countrymen ! whose hearts the muses sway,
Accept my last, my mournful, farewell lay.
What though the shades of night enshroud my head, —
At night the heavens their starry mantle spread,
And unknown worlds of radiant light display —
A rich dessert that crowns the feast of day.
So heavenly thoughts in grief the soul beguile,
Which vanish in the light of fortune's smile.
But weak and languid is my faltering tongue,
Which erst Italia's bliss and glory sung.
Yet my rapt soul concentrates all her fires
For one strong effort ere she quite expires.

When my young heart first felt the charm of fame,
I vowed fond reverence to the Roman name, —
A name still dear to fancy, taste, and art, —
A name still cherished in my bleeding heart.
My generous countrymen, who late on me
Have showered the wreaths of glory, large and free, —
Who know and prize the labors of the muse, —

Who ne'er to merit due rewards refuse, —
Who genius e'en in woman crown with bays, —
To you I dedicate my final lays ; —
To you, who never bar the gates of fame
Against our subject sex of humbler name, —
Who ne'er with narrow jealousy of mind
Deem talents solely to your sex confined, —
Who honor genius with applause sincere,
That victor, who in his sublime career,
Takes all the smiling muses in his train, —
Whose conquering car no bleeding captives stain, —
Whose trophies, from no plundered empire brought,
Are the rich treasures of immortal thought.

In the bright morning of my transient day,
Of opening life I took a pleased survey ;
O'er nature saw a thousand charms diffused,
And felt my soul elated, while I mused.
I dreamed all earthly evils might be traced
To dull defect of feeling, sense, and taste.
I dreamed, of these ennobling gifts possessed,
Mortals might share the raptures of the blest,
Whose enviable lot may be but this,
(And can we form to thought a higher bliss ?)
To know no cares nor sorrows to control
The enthusiastic sallies of the soul, —

To mingle with congenial minds, and prove
The ever-during ecstasies of love.
Nor would I here recant the generous strain, —
Not to these lofty thoughts I owe my pain ;
From these spring not the tears that now bedew
My faded face, so tinged with misery's hue.
Thrice blest I had attained my being's end,
Ripe for celestial joys, with God my friend,
Had I attuned my lyre, in hallowed lays,
Heaven's glorious image in his works to praise ;
Had I with seraph zeal aspired to sing
The goodness infinite of nature's King,
Displayed in all that meets th' admiring eye,
In the wide earth, in ocean, air, and sky.

O, All-benignant ! man's immortal Sire !
Thine is the poet's and the seraph's fire ;
Nor wilt thou turn an ear of deaf disdain,
When mortal minstrels breathe the pious strain ;
When poesy adores at nature's shrine,
Pure is her incense and her song divine ;
On fancy's wing she soars aloft to thee,
And worships with a soul of ecstasy.

Religion ! ah, how fit to sway the mind ;
In nothing servile, narrow, or confined,

She raises man in dignity of soul,
Tames his wild passions to her strong control, —
Points him to heaven, inspires immortal hope,
And grasps all being in her boundless scope.
'Tis to her influence that the poet owes
The sacred flame that in his bosom glows ;
From her young fancy learns her earliest flights —
From earth to regions of unknown delights.
And when proud genius " builds the lofty rhyme,"
Whate'er it feigns of perfect, fair, sublime,
Is but a ray — an emanating beam —
Shot from th' Eternal Mind, from Light Supreme.
Ah ! would to God that I had early given
My heart to this sure friend and guide to heaven.
Ah ! would that I had sought in milder skies
A shelter, where no storms of earth could rise ;
Where I might rest my head in sweet repose,
Above the passions' reach, above my woes.
Then hope's bright visions, peaceful and serene,
Had cheered my spirit in the darkest scene ;
Nor had vain fancy all my prospects fraught
With the wild phantoms of distempered thought.
Ah, wretch ! whate'er of genius yet remains,
Gives but a keener edge to all my pains ;
'Tis in alliance with my faithless foe —
The cruel author of my hopeless woe.

Dear land, where first the vital air I drew, —
My country, take Corinna's last adieu.
Adieu, ye golden dreams of life's gay morn ;
Death bids you mock no more a wretch forlorn ;
And ye, who love the muses' sacred lore,
Who, when ye trace Corinna's pages o'er,
Find there recorded what yourselves have felt,
And learn with kindred tenderness to melt, —
Farewell ; I suffer in a worthy cause ;
I claim your pity — I can spare applause.

Fair fields of Italy, in vain ye bloom,
In vain your flowers diffuse their rich perfume, —
Ye cannot yield me respite or relief,
Ye cannot soothe a soul absorbed in grief ;
Ye my lost hopes recall in sad review,
And bid my wounded bosom bleed anew.
Ye conjure up the scenes of past delight,
To make me curse my fate, and hate the light.
Ah ! let my griefs their last, sad solace find,
(Affliction's best resource) — to be resigned.
Ye, that survive, when I in silence rest,
When spring returns and decks her verdant vest
With every opening gem that scents the gale, —
Think how I joyed her glad return to hail ;
Think with what rapture I enjoyed the hours,

Praised her soft zephyrs and her fragrant flowers.
Recall the lays I sung in happier strains ;
There stamped, my soul's pleased image still remains.
Now the deep tones that tremble from my lyre,
Those fatal sisters, love and grief, inspire.

When heaven with us has compassed all its views,
Peace on the soul descends, like evening dews,
Preparing it to meet, with calm repose,
The call of death, the cure of all our woes.
Why should this messenger, that comes to all,
Our wearied spirits startle or appall ?
He flies on pinions of celestial light,
Yet terror veils them from our tear-dimmed sight,
And ere he comes — the last, dread strife, to wage,
A thousand omens dire th' event presage.
In howlings of the wind his voice we hear ;
When night's dun shades approach, profound and drear,
We see his garments, in the gathering gloom,
And shrouds prepared to dress us for the tomb.
While the gay sons of vigor, hope, and ease,
Who drink the balm of health from every breeze,
See o'er their head a brilliant sun and heaven,
Nor dream of darkness till the fall of even, —
The wretch, whom death's dread angel calls away,
Oft in the azure vault, at noon of day,

Beholds a dark, portentous cloud arise,
That sudden spreads, and blackens all the skies.

Gay youthful hopes ! illusions bright and fair !
Ye all are fled and vanished into air !
The deep, fond sympathies, that warmed my heart,
Have left it pierced with grief's envenomed dart.
Away, then, vain regrets, — eyes, cease to flow ; —
Yet, if I shed some drops of tender woe,
Or yield a moment to the flattering dream
Of love repaid with mutual fond esteem,
'Tis that I feel how soon the dream must end,
And my cold heart with dust oblivious blend.
If aught could call me back to earth again,
'T were but to linger out a life of pain.
And thou, O Rome, where sleep the illustrious brave,
Where fame's proud sons have found a peaceful grave,
August asylum of the honored dead, —
O ! grant me where to rest my weary head.
Permit a nymph, that loved the Aonian maids,
To mingle hers with thy immortal shades.
Yet while she lingers, hopeless of relief,
Suffer her bursting heart to vent its grief.
Long since my brighter powers of mind have fled,
And left me to the charms of glory dead.
Yet still I live to pain and sharp chagrin, —

Still in my bosom feel their arrows keen.
Ah! be it so; I have not long to wait;—
I yield — I die — submissive to my fate.

Whencever comes th' unknown, resistless power,
That frees our spirits in the mortal hour,
His errand must be kind, — he brings repose —
A certain limit to our present woes.
This a benignant Providence above,
And this the peaceful tombs in silence prove.
I gave the world my heart, deceived and blind;
Yet here nor rest nor refuge does it find.
Lo! death's kind angel calls; I haste away;
My sufferings cease; I hail a brighter day.

CUPID BOUND.

FROM ANACREON.

THE muses once, in pleasant mood,
The little Cupid caught and bound,
Entwining oft his body round
Soft flowery bands ; and, thus subdued,
His doting mother to annoy,
They sent to her the vanquished boy.
She, grieved to see him thus enthralled,
On many a one entreating called
To free him, offering ransom meet —
A thousand thanks and kisses sweet.
But, when a ready hand she finds,
That quick the captive boy unbinds,
He moves not, but from choice remains,
And hugs, well pleased, his flowery chains.

ANACREON

TO THE PAINTER OF HIS MISTRESS.

MATCHLESS painter, skilled to trace
The mimic form with added grace,
Who to wax hast power to give
Shades that speak, and looks that live ;
Master of the Rhodian art, —
Come, and to thy wax impart
Every trait and every grace
Of my Thais' form and face.
Absent though my charmer be,
Paint her just as bid by me.
First, her tresses pencil true,
Soft, and of a jetty hue ;
And, if the waxen tablet may,
Make it breathe as sweet as they.
Next, beneath her auburn hair —
O'er a cheek that's full and fair,
Let a beauteous forehead rise,
That in white with ivory vies.
Then the eyebrows, — while between
A little space is faintly seen ;

Sketch them verging to unite, —
Nor divide, nor blend them quite.
And like her, the nymph designed,
With her brows thus faintly joined,
Let the faithful painting show
The dark, long lashes, sketched below.
Paint her to the life entire,
Glancing round her looks of fire ;
Like Minerva's, let her eye
Match the azure of the sky ;
Like Cytherea's make it, too, —
Moist and sparkling, as the dew,
Then o'er the tablet duly spread
Mingled shades of white and red,
Till a fair complexion glows
Of blended milk and blushing rose.
Paint her lips of vermil hue,
Warm and moist with fragrant dew,
Like Pitho's, formed for amorous bliss,
Challenging a melting kiss.
Underneath her dimpled chin,
Clothed with soft, transparent skin,
And round her neck of seemly height,
As alabaster smooth and white,
Let the graces all be seen,
Flitting, as with beauty's queen.

And, the portrait to complete,
Array her plain and simply neat,*
In purple robes of faintest shade ;
With little nakedness displayed,
Be her faultless form expressed,
And fancy leave to guess the rest.
'T is enough ; methinks I see
The speaking portrait smile on me.

* Simplex munditiis.—*Hor.*

TRANSLATION
OF ODE XVII. BOOK II. OF HORACE.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis, &c.

WHY kill thy friend with grief and pain?
Ah! why so mournfully complain!
The gods can never so decree,
Nor can it be endured by me,
That thou, Mæcenas, first shouldst fall
The prey of fate, that conquers all; —
The column fair that decks my name —
That props my fortune and my fame, —
From me should death untimely tear
My life's loved half, I least could spare, —
But half himself, nor half so dear,
Ah! why should Horace linger here?
The day that shuts its light from thee,
Shall be the last that visits me.
It is no vain, perfidious vow,
The gods have heard, and witness now;
Whenever thou, my friend, must go,
And cross the joyless lake below,
We will — we will together tread

The hidden mansions of the dead, —
Together make our last remove,
Prepared the extreme of fate to prove.
Though there chimeras huge and dire,
Oppose my steps with blasts of fire ;
Though mighty Gyas there display
His hundred hands to bar my way,
In vain shall force with flames combine
To tear my faithful shade from thine.
So justice wills her fixed decree,
With her th' unchanging fates agree.
Whether on me its aspect cast,
As o'er my natal hour it past,
Or Libra, or the Scorpion fierce,
Whose sting did erst Orion pierce, —
Or whether I to light was born
Beneath the stormy Capricorn,
Who bids the wintry tempest rave,
And lash the dark Hesperian wave, —
Our stars with strange consent agree,
And mark our mutual destiny.
On thee Jove looked propitious down,
To save from impious Saturn's frown ;
His guardian radiance round thee shone, —
And ere the mortal shaft had flown,
He checked the approaching flight of fate ;

When thrice the people, all elate
At thy approach, with plausive voice,
Bade the thronged theatre rejoice.
Me, too, a falling tree had slain,
Had crushed the shell that shields the brain,
If Faunus, prompt and faithful still,
Mercurial men to guard from ill,
Had not with his right hand relieved
The blow, and thus my life reprieved.
To Jove erect the votive fane,
His altars let thy victims stain.
To Faunus, grateful, I've decreed
Forthwith a humble lamb shall bleed.

BRIDGEWATER, 1811.

TRANSLATION
OF ODE XXII. BOOK I. OF HORACE.

Integer vitæ, &c.

THE man upright and pure in heart,
Whose life no stain nor blemish knows,
Nor needs the Moorish spear nor dart,
Nor poisoned shaft where'er he goes ;
O'er desert sands 'mid summer's blaze,
Or Caucasus of clime severe,
Or where the famed Hydaspes strays,
And rolls in gold his current clear.
For late, a wolf, as free of care,
Far in the Sabine woods I strayed
And sung of Lalage, my fair,
Saw me unarmed, and fled, afraid.
Yet not a fiercer monster roves,
Of feller rage, unwont to spare,
In Daunia's woods, or Afric's groves,
Though lions whelp and wander there.
Then be my lot to rest or roam,
Far in the dreariest track of earth,
In sterile realms, where nature's bloom

Expires with constant cold or dearth ;
Where ne'er a breeze refreshing strays,
Nor woodlands wave their branches green,
Where lowering clouds and joyless days
In gloom forever wrap the scene ;
Or where, beneath the burning sun,
No cheerful haunts of man appear,
So near his flaming coursers run,
His glowing chariot rolls so near ;
Love my companion still shall be,
And all my wandering steps beguile, —
In fancy still my Lalage
Shall sweetly speak and sweetly smile.

BRIDGEWATER, 1811.

LINES.

INVITATION TO AMELIA.

COME, dear Amelia, quit the town
And all its gairish scenes,
Come tread with me the russet down,
And grace the rural greens.

Or let us walk the winding vale,
Or mark the orchard's bloom,
The birds' soft haunt, where every gale
Breathes music or perfume.

Come and enjoy the opening store
Of new, sweet nature's joys;
Stale fashion's round but little more
Than pains, so soon it cloy.

Those fancied pleasures quit for real,
Which Herbert prizes dear;
O! strive no more to catch th' ideal,
When true delights are here.

Here with the airy lark we'll view
The morning's earliest blush,
While gales fresh steeped in balmy dew
With health the cheek shall flush.

We'll hear the woodland warblers tune
Their cheerful matin chant,
'Midst streams, and shades, and flowers that bloom,
To garnish love's soft haunt.

As stray we then, with shepherd band,
O'er lawn or lowland gay,
The flowers shall joy to kiss thy hand,
More white and soft than they ;

Or willing culled from their sweet bed
Thy sweeter bosom grace ;
Or wreath thy brow with envious shade
To hide thy fairer face.

Here, happy, every hour we'll pass,
With songs, or books, or play,
A frugal board, a cheerful glass,
And converse wisely gay.

When comes the cool, the tranquil hour,
The rage of noon allayed —

We 'll hie to breezy wood or bower,
To taste refreshing shade.

There Faun and Dryad shall repair
To dance in merry mood,
While shepherd's flute, with mellow air,
Sweet warbles through the wood.

When pensive twilight's purple gleam
Has fled the western hill,
On margin green of whispering stream
We 'll list the whippoorwill ;

Or on the dancing moonbeams gaze,
That gild the lake's curled brim ;
While airy elves, in mystic maze,
The moon-lit valley skim ;

Or gain yon hill, as curfew bell,
Or distant concert clear,
Ling'ring along, with gentle swell,
Steals on the listening ear.

These are delights unmatched by art,
To feeling ever dear ;
They charm the fancy, soothe the heart,
And yield us bliss sincere.

Haste, then, — for once let Herbert's song
Thy kind compliance move ;
Here, only here, the shades among,
Dwell friendship, truth, and love.

CAMBRIDGE, 1800. [First printed attempt at verse.]

HARVEST HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL
SOCIETY IN SALEM, SEPTEMBER 26, 1850.

GOD of the seasons ! thanks to thee,—
Their thanks to thee let all men give,
Who mak'st the earth yield plenteously
All precious things whereon we live.

Once more to worship and rejoice
From garners stored with good we've come,—
Once more with gladsome heart and voice
Our song to sing of "harvest home."

Through all the spring and summer days,
For us has fallen the timely rain,—
For us the sun's all quickening rays,
Have clothed with beauty hill and plain.

The seeds we buried in the ground,
Rising with large increase again,
By annual miracle we've found
Transformed to sheaves of golden grain.

All goodly fruits, so fair to sight,
From field or garden, shrub or tree,
That feed our strength, our taste delight,
Are gifts of love, we owe to Thee.

'T is ours to plow, to plant and sow,—
'T is Thine to bless our husbandry ;
Sole Source, whence all our blessings flow,—
Countless the streams, yet all from Thee.

Thus blessed the tillers of the soil,
Co-workers with creation's Lord,
Whose wise decree, ordaining toil,
Makes health and plenty its reward.

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H Y M N .

SUNG AT THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT
OF NATICK BY THE APOSTLE ELLIOT'S PRAYING INDIANS, OCT. 8, 1851.

Where smiles so soft the landscape round,
And golden harvests deck the plain,
Once gloomy forests darkly frowned,—
The wandering red man's wild domain.

His home was with the beasts of prey,
Like them, untamed, by instinct led,
As rudely housed and fed as they,
Alone to war and hunting bred.

A servant of the Crucified
Saw his red brother pass forlorn,
Darkling and sad, as one denied
The boon for which the cross was borne.

A Christ-like pity touched his heart,—
A martyr's zeal was kindled there,—
The Gospel message to impart,
And win his tribe to faith and prayer.

The Sachem with his followers felt
Th' attraction of the good man's love,
As with his flock in prayer he knelt,
And sought a blessing from above.

He taught them arts by which to thrive,—
To build, to plant and till the soil ;
A village grew, compact, alive,
And stored with fruits of cheerful toil.

But most, thy meek apostle, Lord,
Labored to teach his flock to read
In their own tongue thy blessed word,
And in their lives its truths to heed.

And thou his patient toil didst bless,
And many souls to Christ were led ;
But such man's doom of transientness,—
Tribe, tongue and teacher, all are fled.

Yet high in heaven's archives sublime,
Dear Lord, thy meek apostle's name
Shall stand, and there outlive all time,—
Above "all Greek, all Roman fame."

THE WRECK.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEAMEN'S WIDOWS AND
ORPHANS ASSOCIATION.

'T was on a dark December night, —

When fiercely raged the stormy blast,
And snow clouds hid the beacon light, —
A bark the shore was nearing fast.

A father watched with anxious eye
The trembling mast and straining shrouds,
While the strong tempest lifted high
The sea foam to the flying clouds.

His thoughts were of the home he neared, —
Yet knew he not how near, or where, —
When loud the cry "We're lost!" was heard,
And one shrill death-shriek pierced the air.

Against a bold projecting rock
Rushed the swift bark with all she bore;
And dashed to fragments by the shock,
Strewed with the wreck the neighboring shore.

That night a mother, while the storm
In fearful gusts howled round her cot,
Bent o'er her babes her shivering form,
And of their sire sat wrapt in thought.

While in their couch her jewels slept,
Her spirit wandered o'er the deep ;
And fears for him, bound homeward, kept
Her lids that night estranged from sleep.

A vision haunts her boding mind —
Of foundering bark and drowning men ;
She hears their death groans in the wind,—
Now a loud wail, low murmuring then.

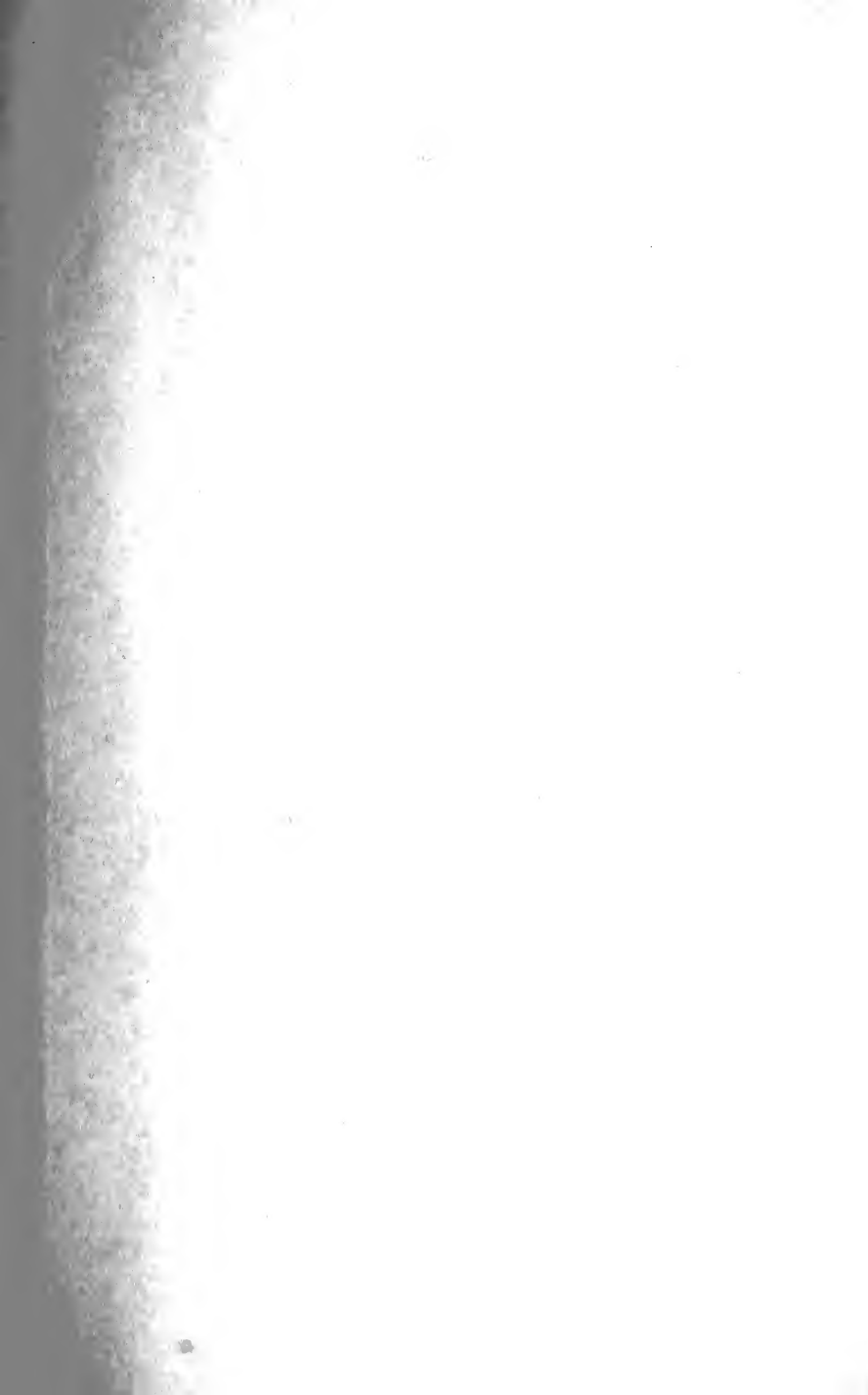
Too soon the morrow's tidings brought
Sad proof — the vision augured true
The fatal wreck the tempest wrought,
Of foundering bark and perished crew.

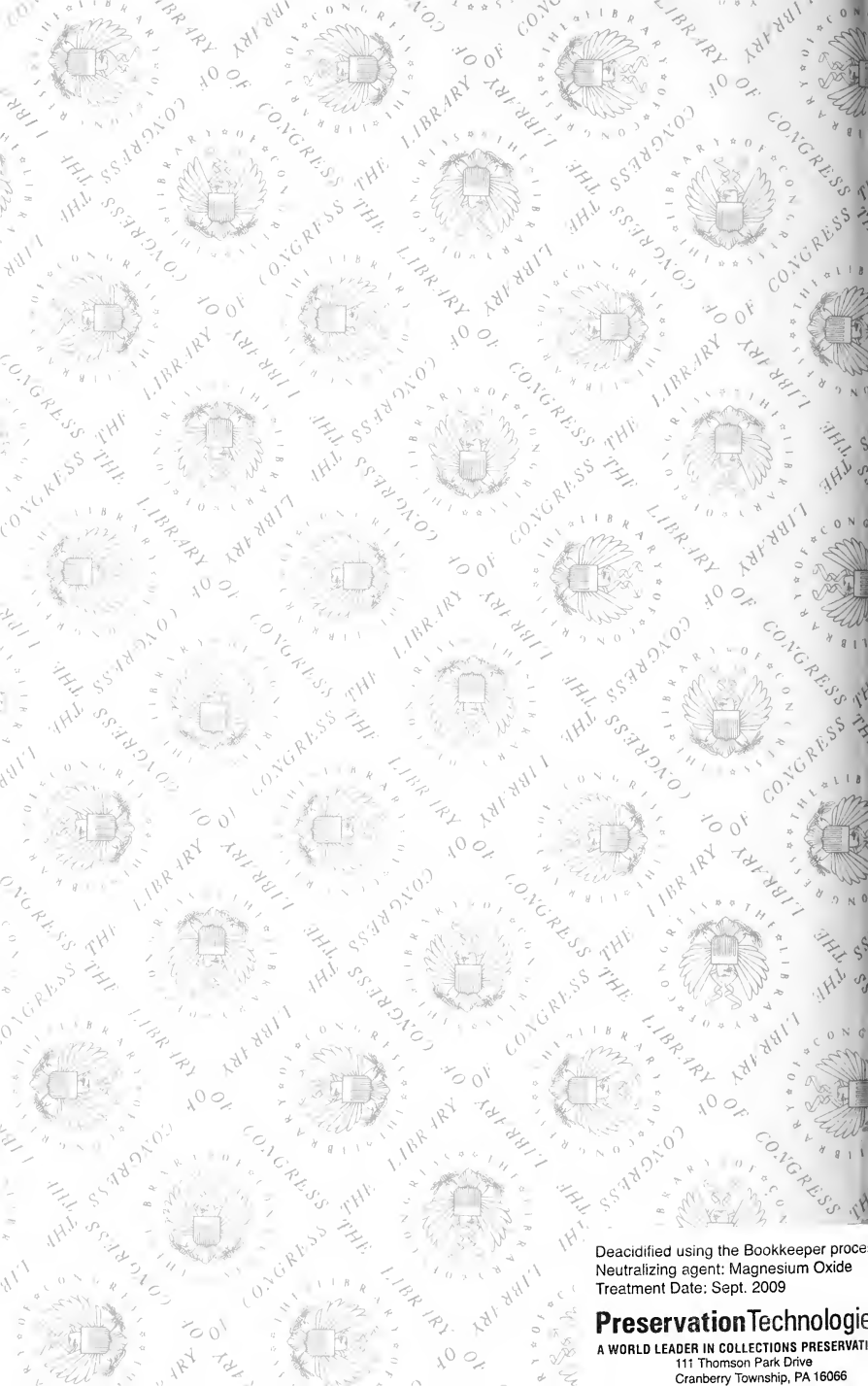
Herself and babes that night bereft
Of spouse and sire — O night of wo ! —
Widowed and orphaned, now they're left
To ask what wealth to want doth owe.

O help, ye rich, the poor who grieve
For "all that makes it life to live" !
Their need constrains them to receive, —
'T is your blest privilege to give.







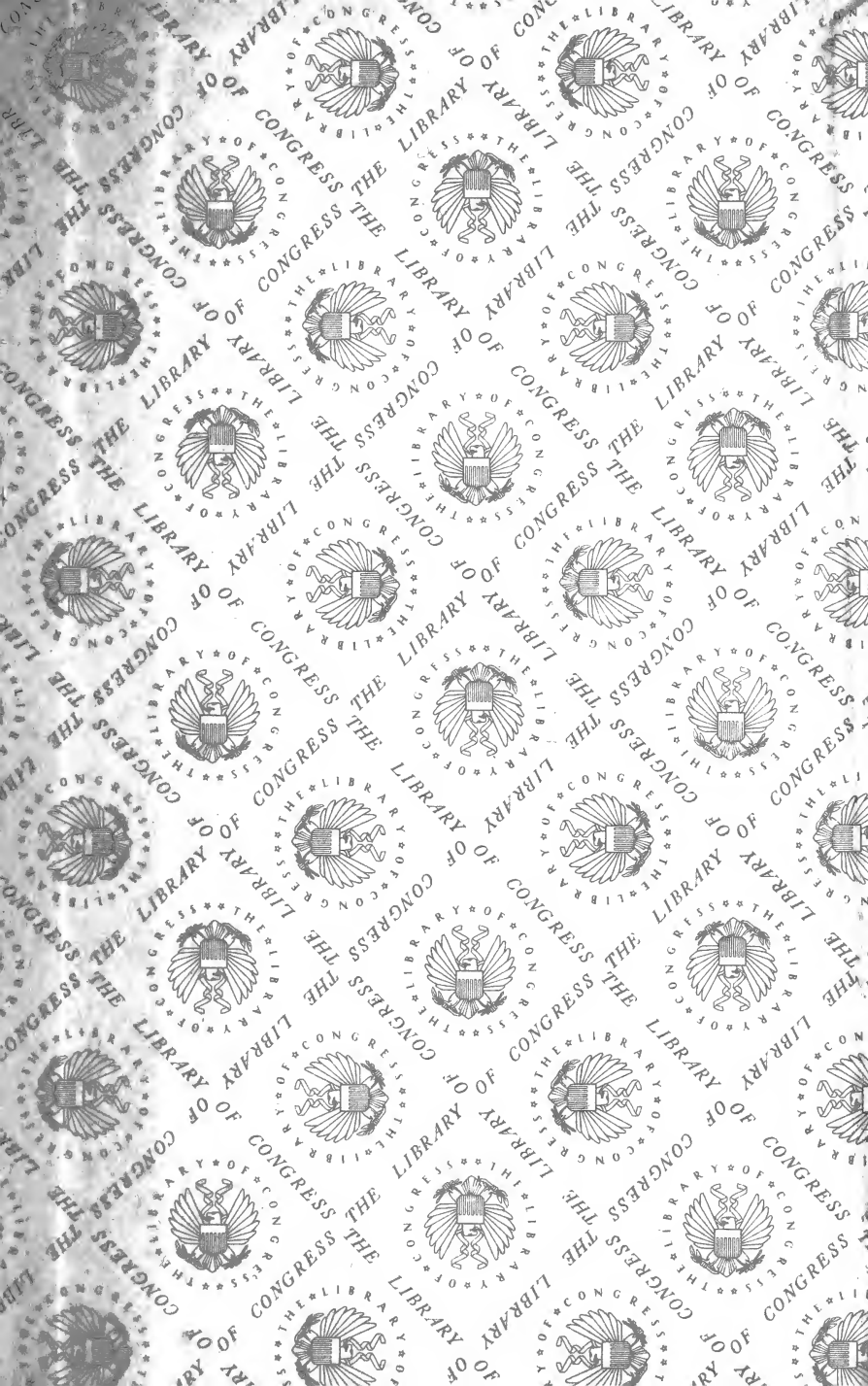


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